

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXIV--No. 3

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 17, 1910

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.30; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic, Address

New Publication Office, 404-5 San Fernando Building.

Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter. Telephones: Home A 8482; Sunset, Main 139.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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GROSS MISSTATEMENT OF FACTS

FAR BE it from The Graphic to intimate that the recent attack by the Express on Amendment No. 1 to the state constitution, headed "Corporations Escape Tax," was a perverse misstatement of the facts, a deliberate intent to deceive its readers. Rather do we prefer to think that the editorial writer and his censor were misinformed and not taking the pains to verify the alleged facts, that came to them from an interested source, allowed the paper to be the medium for spreading false propaganda. In its issue of December 9, the Express gave editorial utterance to these three statements:

First. That the inability of the city to dispose of \$14,764,400 Owens river before January 1, 1911, will cost the small taxpayers \$5,905,760, besides interest on nearly \$6,000,000 at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum for forty years.

Second. The corporations will not have to pay one penny toward the \$18,000,000 good road bonds authorized November 8.

Third. The corporations will not bear any part of the \$5,000,000 bonds to be issued for the San Francisco fair.

Alas and alack for the verity of these disclosures! The Express is grossly in error in each particular, as we shall proceed to show. For example, Amendment No. 1 provides (see Sec. 14E) that "all property enumerated in subdivision A, B, and D (that is, corporation property) of this section shall be subject to taxation in the manner provided by law to pay the principal and interest of any bonded indebtedness created and outstanding by any city, city and county, county town township or district before the adoption of this section." Therefore, the fact that any part of the authorized issue of Owens river bonds has not yet been sold does not affect in any way the taxes to be borne by "the small taxpayers of this city."

Refuting the second statement it is only necessary to point out that the \$18,000,000 good roads bonds will be a state issue. Hence the corpora-

tions, under amendment No. 1, will have to bear the entire cost of the repayment of the principal. The counties will only have to pay 4 per cent interest on such sum as has been actually expended within the county. Consequently, if nothing has been spent within his county, the small taxpayer is immune; in any event he will have nothing to pay toward the principal.

In amendment No. 52, authorizing the raising of \$5,000,000 by four equal amounts for the Panama-Pacific Exposition fund, it is expressly provided that this tax shall be levied, assessed and collected upon all property subject to taxation "as of the first day of July, 1910, by the method of assessment then in force." This effectually disposes of misstatement No. 3, since it proves that amendment No. 1 in nowise affects the Panama fair bond tax.

If the Express is bent on discrediting amendment No. 1, it must be admitted that in the instances cited its arguments are sadly at fault, since they are shown to be wholly untenable. The assertion of the Express that amendment No. 1 throws the burden of bonds on small property owners is wholly unjustifiable, as we have shown. In a spirit of fairness it should apologize for the misstatements made.

WHY HUGHES WAS NOT PROMOTED

TO THE student of national politics, who is fond of deducing cause from effect or vice versa, the failure of President Taft to nominate Mr. Hughes to the chief justiceship of the United States supreme court must have great significance. Prior to the November elections, it had been generally understood that the former governor of New York would be named by the executive for the chief justiceship, hence the elevation of Associate Justice Edward Douglas White to that office creates no little surprise and causes a mental quirk of eyebrows to know why the apparent change of intention.

To our thinking, the reason for this seeming departure from program is attributable to the unpleasant jolt the Republican leaders received at the congressional elections, when the dominant party in the house was repudiated and control vested in the Democrats. It is realized now that neither Theodore Roosevelt nor William H. Taft can lead the party to victory in 1912 with any hope of success, and a new Moses must be had, in whom the people have more confidence. Run your eye over the list of stalwarts, and what stronger man, with a larger personal following throughout the country, recurs to you than Charles Evans Hughes? This is not to be unkindful of Senator Cummins, of LaFollette, of Beveridge, whose political opinions and abilities we hold in the highest respect, but because Mr. Hughes could rally to his support not only the old guard but a large proportion of the so-called insurgent element, whose confidence in the honesty and integrity of the former governor of New York is deep-seated.

Doubtless, this line of thought has been traversed by the Republican party leaders, who may have been instrumental in getting Mr. Taft to abstain from sidetracking Associate Justice Hughes as a presidential possibility by installing him in the chief justiceship chair. Once occupying that exalted position, it is extremely unlikely that he would consent to retire to engage in the uncertain strife of a presidential campaign in a doubtful year. By leaving him where he is it were a far easier matter to lure him into what his friends would point out was the path of duty, and we miss our guess if this is not the program.

Democracy may pin its hopes on either Governor Harmon of Ohio or Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, with the law of chances favoring the latter, since he would be

more certain to attract the disaffected Republican vote. As between Governor Wilson and former Governor Hughes, we believe the country would incline to the latter, because of his proved merits in an executive capacity, but as between Woodrow Wilson and Taft, or Harmon and Taft, or any other Republican, victory, to our thinking, would go to the Democrats. By his failure to place Mr. Hughes out of the running, Mr. Taft has indicated that the able New Yorker is to be held in reserve as the savior of his party in 1912.

FOR A NON-PARTISAN JUDICIARY

IT IS artlessly reported in the daily press that members of the bar association were greatly surprised when Attorney Denman proposed that the way to remedy a bad judiciary was not by taking the right of choice from voters, but by making the judiciary ticket non-partisan. He took squarely opposite ground from Attorney Trippett, the report continues, who advocated a state judicial committee with power to name all the judges, thus removing the judiciary from the "domain of popular influence." Is it then so surprising to find a lawyer willing to reason on the ground floor? We regard it as refreshing, and pleasing.

There are just two schemes of human government—the monarchical and the democratic. One is the idea of being governed; the other is the ideal of self-government. The first is a slave government, in which the rulers are just as much slaves as the ruled. The second is the ideal of perfect, uninvolved freedom. So far as history records, the latter never has been tried, but it ought to be a pretty well established fact by this time that in America, if nowhere else, it is the self-government plan that the people demand. The particular form of government does not seem to count for much. In England, with her empty form of monarchy, there is actually more democracy than in the United States. The form of nothing counts for much. It is the soul of things that effects and shapes.

Truly, the world's whole trend is toward democracy. Its ideal is a greater force, for instance, in Spain than in Mexico, and in Germany than in France. Everywhere, the ideal of democracy is shaping things. With such an impetus as the revolution gave this country it ought to be in the lead in the great world movement, but that it is can hardly be claimed by one unprejudiced by pride of birth. The Alexander Hamilton school always has been more or less of a power in the United States, and the real basis of that monarchical tendency is popular ignorance. We are too quick to accept sounding phrases for political truths, too little prone to reasoning on the ground floor. Now to talk of removing the judiciary from "popular influence" has a sound about it, but nothing else. To think the judiciary or any other body of the governing power can be removed from popular influence is tantamount to thinking that a river can rise higher than its source.

Kaiser William has the only consistent notion about kings and rulers. They must derive their power direct from the Almighty. Only judges clothed in ermine handed down by the angels in heaven could be removed from popular influence. It is a peculiar fact about these divinely-appointed rulers that Deity usually forgets to give them an income, and they are forced to pay their court dancers and keep up their private harems on the tolls wrung from those who apply their labor to the land. If the German people should ever decline to buy a new winter palace for the Kaiser's eighth grandson, the Kaiser may suddenly acquire a different view of his irresponsibility to "popular influence."

Nothing in the world, save the soul of the re-

cluse, may escape popular influence, and him only for a time and within certain limits. Human unity is the most insistent and implacable, and withal the most beautiful cosmic law of which we can gain cognizance. Wherever we are going we are going together. It will be a goodly company that shall storm heaven's gate or cross the river Styx. The judiciary is amenable to popular influence and always will be. To make it more difficult for that popular influence quickly to bend the judiciary to its will is merely to give it monarchical power to be wielded for the special interests as against the whole people. There is nothing sacred about the office of judge. The man himself may be clean and humane and straightforward and wise, but a great many judges have been none of these. Particularly those judges who have received their nominations for "party" services have been lacking in many of the graces of manhood. Of course, a people that will elect unworthy men as judges deserve what they get, but often it is the system and not the elector that is directly to blame. The movement for a non-partisan judiciary is a step in the direction of democracy. It is not a great or important step, but its direction is true. Partizanship in any office is an evil thing. We worship names too much and manhood too little.

TOLSTOY AND THE DIVINITY OF MAN

JUST for the sake of a quibble with William Marion Reedy, his opinion that Tolstoy probably did not believe in the divinity of Christ, because he so "passionately worshipped men," is not the best logic in the world. It might be said that Tolstoy did not believe the man Jesus was more divine in essence than the thief on the cross beside Him, but to worship man is not to deny his divinity. True, the word divinity, as used by Christian theologians, usually signifies something apart from and above and beyond and outside of man, but that is not necessarily its essential meaning, and Tolstoy took no such view of the matter. He clearly separated, in his philosophy, man from his body, and when that is done, man is found to be as divine as anything which his comprehension or imagination logically can reach.

Mr. Reedy finds much inconsistency in the life and work of Tolstoy, and well explains the same by Tolstoy's deep sympathy which led him to throw off all limitations. But perhaps there is another and a better reason for that which appears to be inconsistency in the Russian sage. His whole life was a growth. Year by year Tolstoy grew, clear to the end. The limitations of intellectuality did not limit his growth. When one has compassed the circle of Spencerian philosophy the limits of mentality have been reached. Must one then cease to acquire? It was not so with Tolstoy. It need not be so with any man, though this is probably true: That when the limits of human ratiocination have been reached, then no one can grow or acquire for another. There are paths that lie beyond reason, but they are individual paths, and evidently as numerous as are men. Tolstoy turned his back on his previous work and said it all was as nothing, because—may it not be?—he saw something greater, something which he could not reveal in letters or in art. We make a great deal of fuss over our letters and our art, but they are merely steps on the path of growth, and the path is unending.

Mr. Reedy says that man is theological, ever seeking finalities. True, he ever seeks, but never finds. The zest is in the seeking. Relatively, he finds that which for the moment seems to be a finality. Herbert Spencer found finality with his logic, and of course all who rest upon logic will fancy they have reached a conclusion. But the assumption itself is not logical, if one can shake off the old heaven and hell concept—really shake off the entire concept and not merely change its geography and nomenclature.

This is one of Reedy's beautiful things, by the way, his article on Tolstoy in the St. Louis Mirror of November 24. It is probably the best characterization of Tolstoy and his work that has appeared, despite its brevity. But we beg to differ with two of his apparent conclusions: That man is by nature teleological, and that Tolstoy denied the divinity of Christ. Mr. Reedy seems to argue on the basis of the medieval theology that man is

a few thousand years old, and that we are familiar with his history. But suppose the view is widened and man found to be millions of years old? And suppose this little view we have of man is merely a very small incident in anthromorphic history? To take such wider view is just as logical as to take the narrower one—and it will admit of certain reasonable explanations of things that are but chaos to the narrower view.

INDIA PAPER FOR REFERENCE BOOKS

WITH deep interest we note that a great change is taking place in the publishing business. Fine, thin, durable India paper is coming in, and its general use means a big change, so far as concerns dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference works. This change, too, is all for the advantage and comfort of the reader, who will not have to expend so much physical energy in his reference reading. "Looking it up" in the dictionary or encyclopedia usually means considerable bother, if not actual manual toil. But all that is to be avoided.

Already, there is an edition of the Standard Dictionary out which can be held in one hand comfortably, and it is little less in contents than the big, clumsy tome which now requires a special iron stand to hold it. Then there is the new Encyclopedia Britannica, to be out the first of the year, reduced in bulk from seven feet to twenty-eight inches. It is bound in flexible leather, the covers can be bent back and the book read with more comfort than the latest novel, and actually it is a much more fascinating work than any novel dare be.

Brentanos have recently issued a series of books on India paper that one can stuff in his coat pocket. The print on these India paper books is excellent, because the paper simply demands a legible size of type and far better presswork. Of course, people who buy books by the foot or the yard will not be so well pleased. There are those who will think they are not getting a fair run for their money in any encyclopedia that only takes up twenty-eight inches of shelf room. But they who really want to use the encyclopedia will be pleased. By and by all reference books will be done on India paper and all other books for that matter. India paper has possibilities for the magazine publisher.

BOORISH "SCOOP" REPUDIATED

IT MIGHT as well be recognized and admitted that there is a certain element on this coast that is doing all it can to provoke a quarrel with Japan. Its efforts are morally and materially contemptible, and it is not at all likely that the remainder of the nation could be scared or browbeaten into assuming an offensive attitude toward the Nipponese nation. But perhaps it is wiser not to hide the actual condition in this respect. The headquarters of that element is in San Francisco, and it is not all a hoodlum element either. The war in the Philippines proved profitable for certain people in the northern metropolis. Thirty thousand troops quartered there made business brisk for a time. A good, hard Japanese war would pay even better. A hundred thousand troops would pass through San Francisco, doubtless, and a fleet of battleships in the harbor to be provisioned would help.

Last week an attempt was made by a local paper to add to the bad feeling that is sought to be fomented, by the publication of a silly yarn that a number of Pasadena girls exhibited provincialism and pettiness by trying to snub a Japanese admiral and his staff. Pasadena girls are not so smug and provincial as that. Of course, the story was a canard, but what of that? It was a scoop! No other paper had it. It is a common hallucination, that daily papers are conducted to give the news, to tell the truth, to keep people posted on current events, to mold public opinion, and what not. That is a mistake. Newspapers are run to pay dividends. It is a journalistic superstition that in order to pay dividends a daily newspaper must print "scoops." Hence that "exclusive" Japanese-Pasadena piece of idiocy.

It is admitted that the yarn was calculated to "advertise ourselves as lacking in common decency," but what has that to do with the case? Not all newspapers are conducted to uphold the

courtesies or even the decencies of civilization. Dividends are the main consideration with many. True, it is a pity that the Japanese guests should think we are guilty of a breach of manners, utterly foreign to the visitors. They are cultured, artistic, brave, stoical. In addition, they are the greatest diplomats in the world. Their education is broad and wide. Their entire fearlessness of death is the admiration of the whole world. Like all true heroes they are simple, affable, and never offensive.

We agree with the Financier that the printing of the provincial, boorish story is much more likely to create a misunderstanding between the two nations, coming as it does from what the Japanese will consider a representative paper of Southern California, than all the hoodlum riots of the San Francisco unwashed, but that is our misfortune. We are known by the newspaper company we keep.

CONDEMNED "WRONG JUDGMENT"

DR. BROUGHER'S interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount is not especially luminous to one who may be trying to find something real and fundamental in the Christian tenets. Dr. Brougher argues that Jesus did not condemn judgment of men, but that He only condemned the "wrong judgment" of men. But is not that rather a commonplace and trivial thing to say? Surely, one need not be miraculously born from Deity itself to utter such a statement. Of course, it is wrong to be wrong. One can find out that without going to church. But in the Bible itself Jesus is quoted as saying, "Judge not." That has the ring of boldness to it. God Himself may well have uttered such a statement.

Judge not. It is simple, and easily understood, but how vastly significant. It means that no man should judge another. It means that no man is better or worse than another, upon the whole. It means a whole world of humane philosophy. To obey it would revolutionize society and invoke the Golden Rule as the true guide of life. To obey it would be to convert the world's prisons into hospitals, to cease to breed crime and criminals, to stop poverty and degeneracy and suicide and insanity. Dr. Brougher points to the facts—or the symbolism—of Jesus driving the money changers out of the temple, and denouncing scribes and Pharisees. But nowhere is it shown that He did even these things with malice and hatred. He did not have them arrested and imprisoned, at all events, nor seek to do so. He judged their trades, not the men. The whole story of Jesus shows a man—or a symbol—or a Deity—who spoke and taught impersonality. This and that is wrong. He taught, of course, but do not hate or punish the wrongdoers. Do not judge persons.

Dr. Brougher will not contend that Jesus was particularly pleased with the trade of Mary Magdalene. Yet He splendidly defended her. It was the woman He defended, not her occupation. There's a vast difference between cursing men and cursing the evil conditions that degrade them. We do not imprison a sick woman, but our Magdalenes, alas, we kick them out in the street to breed degenerates. We do not hate a man who has rheumatism, but if he steals because that seems to his distorted brain the easiest way to get bread or automobiles, we brand him as a degraded creature—if he is found out.

Even Philadelphia is waking up a bit on the tax question. The personal property tax is not being collected with fairness and accuracy, is one complaint, while even certain of the most conservative papers are getting anxious about the unearned increment and the vacant lots. Thus the Evening Bulletin says: "There are numbers of vacant plots in various parts of Philadelphia—particularly in West Philadelphia—which are today undeveloped solely because their owners are waiting for the rise in value which is bound to come with the upbuilding of the sections surrounding them. Would not many such eye-sores quickly disappear if we had a system under which homes erected upon them would be so lightly assessed that to keep land in idleness would no longer be a profitable undertaking?"

We build castles in the air till we are fifty and then play with blocks till death; don't we?

GRAPHITES

Recently, there was a "human interest" story from Denver. In it was an awful warning to the suffragists. "Woman blames politics for her downfall," was the headline, and the first paragraph of the tale read, "The average woman is a sweet mother and a good wife—she is also a bad politician." These words were put in the mouth of a sixty-eight-year-old woman, who died a victim of drink, etc. "I was once an officer of the W. C. T. U.," she declared to the weeping reporter, "but politics was my downfall." This is almost as sad as the frequent tale of the man who was driven to drink by a woman. It deserves the same comment, which is: That a man who is driven to drink by a woman could not be kept away from drink by a club. A man who wants drink worse than anything else is entitled to have it, and perhaps it is only natural for him to blame another for his weakness. But it is not very edifying, and does not increase a thoughtful person's sympathy for him. This Denver woman, who drank because she went into politics, might just as reasonably have laid the blame on the W. C. T. U., and it is not at all likely that she would have made "a sweet mother and a good wife" in a thousand years. She was probably "in her cups" when she talked to the "human interest" reporter. A good deal of mawkishness needs to be knocked in the head if one would reach true human sympathy. The drunkard of either sex needs human sympathy more than the scorn and kicks usually accorded such, but not because another drove him or her to it. The women who go into maudlin hysterics over the one "who caused her downfall" are the ones who draw their skirts aside as she passes them on the street.

In the question of barring Asiatics from public schools, the attitude of Chicago seems to be correct. Its ruling is not as to color or race, but as to age, and that is a valid ruling anywhere. Adults and children never should be permitted to attend the same school. Separate schools should be maintained for both. So far as the Japanese are concerned, American boys and girls are less likely to be harmed by association with them than with Caucasian men and women, but it is surely a good rule that children and adults should be educated separately. Of course, such a ruling operates chiefly against the Mongolians, because they are about the only adults who seek admission to American primary or grammar schools, but the ruling is manifestly so fair and necessary that no one can take offense at it. Night schools should be provided for adults, regardless of race or color. No matter if these night schools were attended chiefly by Mongolians, or other "hated foreigners," the cost of their maintenance would be money well expended, better spent than in battleships and war paraphernalia. Moreover, the foreigners earn all the schooling they could get. They give us their labor, which is the only coin of the world, though the people are not aware of it, and receive but a bare pittance as pay.

It sounds like a good plan, that proposal to rename Agricultural Park. It is a hard word, when written, spoken or read in English, nor is it much prettier in Spanish or Latin. Really, the proper use for "g" in English is as the initial letter of a syllable or as the ultimate letter of a word. However, it doesn't seem practicable to change the entire language—notice these two "g's" here, how the first melts into the "ua" and thus loses its harshness, and how obtrusive the last one is; it doesn't seem practicable to alter the whole dictionary at present. But we can cut out Agricultural—ouch! but it hurts to say that!—Park right away, and the sooner the better. In selecting a new name, let us conspire to perpetuate the musical Spanish nomenclature so characteristic of this section. Let us not call it Jones' Park or Brown's Park—Los Angeles and its environs should retain all their native character. They who try to Bostonize or Chicagoize this city should be banished to Watts. If the man who named that burg can be found, he should be condemned to lifelong contemplation of his own iniquity.

Los Angeles thoroughfares already are badly congested at certain hours in a large downtown district. From First to Eighth streets, on Main, Spring and Broadway, and for shorter distances on Los Angeles and Hill streets, it is a matter of considerable risk and time to cross the street. The city is nearly or quite face to face with a transportation problem, but the thought of a hideous and sounding elevated should not be encouraged. The true remedy for congested streets is to spread out the business district, and this will naturally follow if the council remains firm in its restriction on the height of buildings. Los Angeles is not going to be a copy of New York,

or of any other city, it is to be hoped. Land is plentiful here, and the only possible excuse for such congestion as sky-scraping office buildings produce is the abnormal enhancement of land values for a few people. So long as this unearned increment must go into private pockets, let it, at least, be as widely diffused as possible. If the twenty-story buildings are kept out, the business section will grow for miles south and west on the level lands, while the private residences will seek the foothills that surround this level area on all but the ocean side. The traffic problem can rest awhile. The airship is still in its infancy. Tomorrow a small, lightweight motor may be invented, and if not tomorrow then another day in the near future. One day, aeroplaning will be a traffic proposition.

Arguments against tobacco on the ground that its smoke befouls the air will not lie in the court of common sense, unless the plea be entered for a wilderness district. Tobacco smoke is a disinfectant and germicide. In a poorly ventilated hall or theater, in crowded street cars, where strap-hangers breathe one another's breath, tobacco smoke should be enjoined by ordinance on the simple ground of public sanitation, so long as we are in the business of making ordinances. The only good argument against tobacco smoke is that the smoker should decently and thoughtfully refrain from inflicting his vice upon those to whom it is disagreeable, inasmuch as that may be possible without the smoker himself being compelled to fill his lungs with the undisinfected odors, dust and filth-laden atmosphere of the average city street or crowded building. Tobacco smoking is a vice, unquestionably, but it is not so great or evil a vice as overeating, for instance, or the habit of petty fault-finding while blinking at or profiting by the tremendous evils that degrade or endanger the health of entire communities. It is not so obnoxious or depraved a vice as hate, anger, envy, intolerance, or the overweening desire to draw everybody through your knothole. There are vast regions of earth, water and ether still uncontaminated by the odors of nicotine. We commend them as affording desirable residence sites for those who can find no greater evil in the world to combat than tobacco smoking.

English Tories are claiming that the new land tax is the entering wedge of confiscation. It surely is. The land tax means a change in the system of land tenure. It will do no good to pretend that it means anything else. The allodial system must go, just as the feudal system went, and yet not the same, it is to be hoped. Bloodshed and violence wiped out the feudal system. The single tax will change the allodial tenure gradually, naturally, without harming anyone but the land speculator and the land monopolist. Of course, it will disconcert the latter a little, but what right has the landed aristocracy of England, or the land speculators of America, to consider their personal convenience in a matter involving the abolition of involuntary poverty? The landed nobility of England will be fortunate, indeed, if nothing worse happens to them than the single tax on land values. Under its operation there will be found to be land and room enough in England for both lords and laborers, though the latter will find it much easier to make a bare living. But where violence raises its ugly head the land shrinks and there is room only for the most violent. If the English Tories were wise they would help the land tax plan instead of opposing it.

There appears to be no exuberant and uncontrollable demonstrations of enthusiasm over the prospects of the State Bar Association to permit nine jurors to render a criminal verdict, to restrict the number of peremptory challenges, and to enlarge the functions of trial judges, enabling them to charge juries as to facts as well as the law. Whatever modicum of popular approval has been elicited by these proposed "reforms" has been discreetly hidden under large and obvious chunks of silence. There is a case in the German law books of an ex-convict who was tried for theft. The money belt of a man sitting near him at the card table in a country inn was found in his possession. It was shown, too, that he had just been released from prison. Yet he was not convicted of this theft. And for this reason: It seems that German law rests upon the old Roman law, under which, in order to convict of theft, three things must be proved: (1) That the accused was where the theft occurred. (2) That the goods stolen must be found in the accused's possession or care. (3) That accused must be proved to have been at the scene of the theft in suspicious circumstances. It was the third consideration that saved the ex-convict from being sent back to prison. He was not at the tavern in suspicious

circumstances, but had necessarily stopped there over night on his way home. Years later a wealthy baron died, and on his deathbed confessed to the judge who tried the case that he was the purloiner of the money. He was only an expectant heir at the time of the theft, had been going the pace, and needed the cash. But he had noticed the landlord talking secretly and suspected that the police had been sent for, so he passed the belt deftly into the coat pocket of the man sitting next to him. This Roman law, it appears, has a lingering sense of natural justice to it, and must have been designed originally with the view of offering protection to an innocent person who might happen to be surrounded by suspicious circumstances. The Roman prosecutor, perhaps, was not under the temptation of making a record by the number of convictions he secured. Nothing like that could happen in the United States. The bare fact of the man being an ex-convict would have been sufficient to secure his conviction. American prisons doubtless contain thousands of innocent persons. Indeed, the more innocent an accused person may be in this country, the more likely he is to be convicted. It is the practiced, clever criminal who escapes.

"We can afford to increase your pay if you increase our profits," reads one of the smug mottoes for sale to hang up in shop and mill. Though literally true, it is actually false. Of course, an employer can afford to pay higher wages as his profits are increased, but if he does it, then is he that kind of an employer who will probably be hunting a job for himself sooner or later. Now and then a millionaire employer warms the cockles of his heart by paying his employees a little more than he is forced to pay them, by the law of supply and demand, but it is not a "business principle," and unless a business man is sure of his financial footing, he would better go slow in that line. Philanthropy and business do not mix well. In office hours business principles should, and usually do, prevail. Wages are regulated by supply and demand. Profit is another matter entirely. Often there "ain't none," but wages keep on just the same—or else the works close. Employers are just as much in the grip of iniquitous conditions as are employees, though the former, dealing with larger sums, doesn't face the privation and want that stares in the face the disemployed man. But that's not his fault, nor merit. It's part of the game, the game of the jungle. Can't and hypocrisy won't change the game, nor will loose thinking and sloppy sentiment. Only by understanding the relation of things will they ever be changed. Wages, profit, interest, rent—the nature of these must be known before an intelligent grasp of the situation can be had. They are fixed and certain quantities, and their nature and relation are not altered by a sounding motto.

GRAPHICALITIES

Model villages for the poor, built of concrete and with due regard to sanitation and exterior graces, will be a permanent adornment to Los Angeles. Esthetically and commercially, the idea is splendid. The good women who are planning it and the kindly disposed men who will advance the money to carry out the project should be encouraged. It will all redound to the credit and advantage of the city—likewise, and most of all, to the owners of the land on which the dwellings are erected. If, however, they can be put on public land, so that all the benefit of the project can be reached by the whole people, then the plan assumes at once the character of a humane and philanthropic movement well worth every encouragement.

Tut, tut! A Los Angeles inventor has asked the city council for the exclusive privilege of catching all the flies in the city. That will not do. He must be refused. This passion for monopoly must be halted. What will become of the Prohibitionists, the anti-tobacco crusaders, the railroad regulators, the rich malefactor baiters, the graft prosecutors, the censors of Shaw's plays, the mantelers of nude statuary, the Sunday postoffice closers, and all the multitude of fly-catching reformers who now enjoy an open season the year round?

That plan of Secretary MacVeagh's to decrease the size of paper money seems to lag. Can it be that the paper trust put in a lick? It is too bad, with so many of us carrying around large wads of banknotes that might just as well be reduced in weight without injuring their joy-riding capacity.

In Boston a strong party is advocating an amendment to the state constitution, "to remove the obstacle to an equitable tax system," which means a tax on land values and the removal of taxes from improvements.

PINERO'S FINEST DRAMATIC OFFERING

PINERO'S latest play, "The Thunderbolt," has just been produced by the New Theater Company. It should be considered an event in the present season. In many respects it is the finest bit of dramatic writing that has come from Pinero's hand. The subject is not particularly pleasant and possibly the unpleasantness of the subject will prevent the play from ever becoming popular. But interest centers neither in the unpleasant people nor in the unpleasant business they are engaged in, rather is it concerned in the exquisite portrayal of their commonplace, avaricious brutality both by dramatist and players. It is doubtful if any strictly commercial theater could have produced the play. Luckily, the New Theater is not so dependent upon the whim of the public, or we should have been deprived of a genuine dramatic pleasure.

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There is something Ibsenesque in the treatment of the theme, for much upon which the action of the play depends takes place long before the rise of the curtain. Twenty years before the action begins, Mr. Edward Mortimore quarrels with his family. Afterward he amasses a considerable fortune in a brewery and becomes the father of an illegitimate child. Feeling his end approaching, he sends for his three brothers, and his sister, signifying his intention of letting bygones be bygones. On the way up to Linchpool in the train a general discussion takes place regarding Mr. Mortimore's wealth and the possible disposition of it, in case no will has been made. Promptly the next morning Mr. Mortimore dies. The curtain rises upon the library in the house of mourning. The four husbands and their four wives are awaiting the arrival of the lawyer, whom they have engaged to "take care of their interests." It is very plain that they care nothing at all for the dead man. They wish only, if it is within the range of human power to accomplish it, to share his estate among them.

* * *

Cold-bloodedly they make their plans. The existence of the daughter, their dead brother's affection for her and the strong probability that he would not have left her unprovided for are pointed out by Mr. Elkin, their late brother's solicitor. But no will can be found. Mr. Elkin's sympathy is with the girl. He determines that he will not leave a stone unturned to find the will that he believes to exist. He advertises and circularizes, but to no purpose. The suggestion is made that the brothers and sister provide for the girl. They would like to do the decent thing if they could do it without giving up a dollar of their prospective wealth, but cupidity rules. Before they are done discussing the matter, it is clear that the girl will be cut down with a very slim allowance, if she must depend upon their generosity. Mr. James, the spokesman of the family, a builder by profession; Stephen, proprietor and editor of a newspaper; Rose's husband, a retired colonel, with social ambitions, ably seconded by their wives, bicker and squabble. The only decent member of the family, and the most commonplace, seems to be Thaddeus, who has come into disfavor by marrying beneath him. He is a poor music teacher, who, in order to make both ends meet, has further disgraced the family by taking the curate for a lodger. He has a genuine spark of kindness and enthusiasm. His wife, the snubbed Phyllis, startles everybody with an almost hysterical plea for the daughter, Helen Thornhill, but it is productive of nothing but contempt and opposition. Helen herself refuses to accept a penny not given her directly by her dead parent.

* * *

The next act takes place a month later at Thaddeus Mortimore's. Helen Thornhill has found their home the most attractive place open to her during the search for the will. All the others have made her feel her position. They have with one accord made plans and assumed financial obligations that they cannot carry out without their dead brother's money, and they flaunt their intentions before the girl. Mrs. Thaddeus implores her to reverse her decision not to allow herself to be provided for, with a burst of emotion that she can only explain on the ground that she is nervous and cannot sleep. Thaddeus is notified that the final meeting with the lawyers preceding the filing of an application for the administrator of the estate is to take place at 4 o'clock. Just as he is leaving the house, Mrs. Thaddeus reaches a crisis of nervous feeling and tells him that she has found, read and destroyed the will in which Edward Mortimore left all of his property to Helen Thornhill. The one decent member of the family must bear the brunt of the catastrophe.

In the next act we see the family gathered at

Mr. James Mortimore's, waiting for Thaddeus. If anything, their greed has been increased by the month of waiting, and they are more like vultures than ever. Into their midst comes Thaddeus with a strange story. He found and destroyed the will. Bit by bit he tells the story as he received it, only he substitutes himself for his wife. Inevitable discrepancies between his story and his known movements crop out, and as the lawyers ask question after question, it becomes apparent that his wife is the real culprit. Thaddeus pleads for mercy, but the rage of the family demands a victim, and they are ready to rend Phyllis. The two lawyers leave, followed by Thaddeus, raving, "She's been a good wife to me! She's been a good wife to me!" The family is left wrangling over the turn of events, fighting each one for himself, ready to cut the other's throat. It is the finest example of a family row that I have ever seen on the stage. The success of the scene depends on the actors pulling together. The team work is remarkable. When the men come to their senses and realize that the lawyers may be getting facts to use against them, they decide to stand together for their own protection, and they repair to the Thaddeus Mortimores. The lawyers have already secured a signed statement from Mrs. Thaddeus. She cannot, however, remember whether the will was properly attested by the signatures of two witnesses.

* * *

Though the dead man's intention is evident, the brothers are ready to make a fight over the legal technicality. They are human vultures. It is Helen Thornhill who untangles the knot. When she learns that the penalty for destroying a will is penal servitude, she declines to take any step in the matter. The lawyers point out that she will embarrass them in the discharge of their legal duties, that nobody can be legally appointed to administer the estate, for the brothers cannot swear that no will was made. Miss Thornhill asks the pertinent question, "Which will be worse, in the sight of God: That I send that poor woman to prison or that Mr. James take a false oath?" To which the lawyer replies that he cannot follow her to such heights. It is finally decided that Mr. James shall make the declaration, and that brothers, sisters and daughter shall share equally. This ought to satisfy everybody. Colonel Ponting remarks, with satisfaction, that it will only mean dividing the estate into five instead of four parts. But Helen insists that it be divided into six parts and that the sixth part be given to a hospital. The wrangle is started all over again. But Mr. James acquires some dignity in the face of the girl's generosity and they accept her terms.

* * *

Thaddeus will accept none of the money, but Helen insists that it be given his children. The play leaves no loose ends. The brothers will be able to fulfill their financial obligations, the family will treat Mrs. Thaddeus more kindly than before, the children will receive the education planned for them. Helen will marry the curate and in the course of time she will forgive Mrs. Thaddeus for so nearly taking away her belief in her father, when it was out of his power to defend himself. The production given the play by the New Theater is superb. It is exceptionally well cast. Mr. Louis Calvert as Mr. James, Mr. A. E. Anson as Thaddeus, Mr. Albert Bruning as Stephen, Miss Helen Reimer as Louisa, Mr. E. M. Holland as the solicitor, and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk as Colonel Ponting, are especially fine. It is worth the price of admission to hear the flat voice adopted by Miss Reimer for Louisa. Miss Thais Lawton as Phyllis has a most difficult role to sustain. She plays sincerely and deserves much credit, though it will take a woman with greater emotional power to give the part its full value. ANNE PAGE.

New York, December 12, 1910.

My Fire

I gather my sticks together,
And lay them thus and so,
With a good back log, and a few besides,
Crossing it in a row.
Carefully, I plan and built it,
And starting with flickering light,
My fire, gone mad with freedom,
Blazes with color and might.
It sends out slender, violet tongues
That murmur its passion with me;
The logs sing like birds in the forest,
As they're fondled so lovingly.

O, the love of the flame for the log,
And the love of the sea for the shore.
Like the love of man for woman,
Enduring for evermore.

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

SAN FRANCISCO has been worshipping at the Tetrassini shrine this week, to the great delight of the plump and elderly signora and to the still greater profit of her managers. The most limpid of all sopranos since Patti is looked upon as a San Franciscan, for it was here, in the old Tivoli, that the magic beauty of her voice was first noised abroad loudly enough to attract the attention of New York impresarios. And San Francisco, naturally enough, is proud of that early enthusiasm which has since been justified by the operatic elect of two continents. But the signora was no chicken when she first journeyed here, humbly enough, six years ago. She would have made her New York debut a season or two before she did if it had not been for her loyalty to a vocally thin and comparatively insignificant tenor. When Hammerstein first offered her an engagement, the signora insisted that the tenor, Bazelli, must be included in the contract. Oscar had no use for Bazelli, and so Tetrassini stayed on at the Tivoli. Bazelli, by the way, is still with the signora, but his name does not figure in her concert programs.

* * *

For her present engagement Tetrassini is guaranteed \$2,500 as her personal share of each concert, but even at this large figure, her managers are coining money out of her voice, though they have had to pay lawyers to get her and may have to turn over considerable sums to Hammerstein for a ruptured contract. Monday evening, Dreamland Rink, which holds 4,000 people, was crammed to the doors, and half as many were turned disappointed away.

* * *

As the days draw near for the assembling of the legislature, discussion of the senatorial advisory vote muddle grows interesting, but no more light is shed on the mixed verdict than when it was first realized that John D. Works had secured a bare plurality of the popular vote and that A. G. Spalding had captured a plurality of the districts. It is only certain that the L.-R. Leaguers have determined to ignore the specifications of the direct primary law and make a bitter fight against Spalding. It is, however, estimated that neither Spalding nor Works can muster within twenty votes of the sixty-one necessary to elect, and a prolonged fight is inevitable. Common sense is beginning to reassert itself on the situation, for the people are realizing that neither of these two estimable gentlemen could hope to represent California in the senate with so much distinction and success as Frank P. Flint. Should the looked-for deadlock fail to be broken, California will have every reason to congratulate herself, since Mr. Flint will continue to be senator.

* * *

At present the Spalding-Works duel is not regarded as even interesting to the general public. Neither gentleman has succeeded in creating any enthusiasm for himself, but Spalding's defeat is demanded as the crowning victory for the masters of the new machine. But Lissner, Rowell, Earl and Older have failed to convince anyone of their sincerity for the cause of Works, and so far as Works' votes among the members of the legislature are concerned, the situation is aptly described by the "Knave" of the Oakland Tribune, who says, "A Works man who does not act as if he were in cold storage has not yet been found."

* * *

We are still sitting on the anxious seat in regard to the Panama Exposition prize, and, I expect, are likely to remain there until, at least, after the holidays, though the sanguine are predicting that congress will hand San Francisco the coveted recognition as a Christmas present. It is feared that the contest is so keen and close that congress may give both San Francisco and New Orleans a benediction and let it go at that. There is little doubt, however, that San Francisco will go ahead with the fair project now, in any event. Too much of both energy and money already has been spent to make abandonment of the enterprise likely, even if we should fail to secure federal recognition. San Francisco has set her heart on a great exposition in 1915, and is bound to have one, whatever happens.

* * *

M. H. De Young undoubtedly aspires to be director-general of the fair, and although the proprietor of the Chronicle can boast not a few enemies, none denies his great executive ability, his wide experience and his energy. A number of Governor Gillett's friends are hoping that he may secure the position, but the governor is bent on building up a law practice, and it is doubtful if he has any personal ambition in this

direction. The names of Gavin McNab, the lawyer and former chieftain of the Democracy; C. C. Moore and R. B. Hale also are mentioned in this connection, but the best guess at present is that De Young's ambition will be realized.

* * *

Last of the clubs to occupy its own home since the fire will be the Pacific Union, which will move into its splendid quarters on the site of the old Flood mansion, near the Fairmont Hotel, January 1. Certain of the members complain that the new location is not sufficiently central, but in the opinion of the majority the magnificent view which the site commands is a sufficient compensation. It is not probable that the sedate and conservative members of the Pacific Union will follow the example of the Bohemians and ever permit a high heel or a hobbled skirt to cross the threshold after the premises are once opened.

* * *

Los Angeles' young men and maidens are distinguishing themselves in the journalistic as well as the dramatic and football fields at Stanford University. Lawrence Landreth Hill, '11, was elected last week editor of the Daily Palo Alto. He is also editor of the 1911 Quad and an associate on the staff of the Sequoia. An issue of the students' daily was handed over to the custody of the fair sex recently, and on the staff were found Miss M. M. Hayes, Miss Lois Baker, Miss A. M. Woodhead of Los Angeles and Miss M. Driscoll and Miss C. M. Green of Pasadena. The young women and the Daily Palo Alto both survived.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, December 13, 1910.

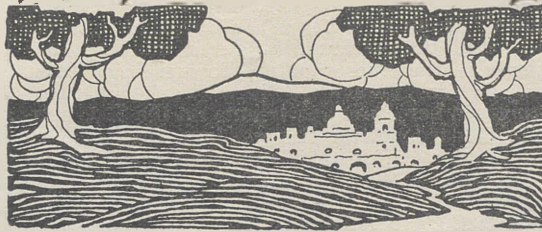
Chicago Loses a Big Newspaperman

One of the best equipped newspapermen in the country this week has resigned his chair as managing editor of the Chicago Record-Herald and with his wife has come to Los Angeles to make his future home and endeavor to woo back the health that he has sacrificed in his too great devotion to his work. For thirty-three years Cornelius McAuliffe has been connected with the big Chicago daily, the last half as its managing editor, and to its upbuilding he has given the best years of his life. When I first joined the old Herald staff, he was its night editor. Later, when the owners, Messrs. Walsh and Scott, decided to establish the Evening Post, he was made managing editor of that high-class daily. When Mr. Kohlsaat took over the Herald and the Post, following the death of Mr. Scott, the new owner did me the honor to make me managing editor of the Post, Mr. McAuliffe being promoted to that position on the Herald. A more faithful, a more conscientious executive never sat in the managerial chair. A close student of affairs, hiding a kindly heart under a somewhat brusque exterior, his staff swore by him, and his principal, Mr. Kohlsaat, held him in the highest esteem and had the deepest respect for his good judgment at all times, even if their views were diametrically opposed. After a six weeks' illness, which left him with a weak heart, the doctors insisted that he must get out of Chicago this winter or die. Reluctantly, he yielded, for he is rather stubborn, is this fine newspaperman, and last Saturday he bade goodbye to his force, to his chief and with Mrs. McAuliffe traveled over the Santa Fe to this less rigorous climate. It is no surprise to me that the big-hearted Hermann Kohlsaat retains his old managing editor on his payroll, that is just like him. His successor as managing editor is Richard Henry Chamberlain, a good writer and experienced in an executive capacity, who has been on the staff as a special contributor for many months. Mr. McAuliffe and his wife will make their home in one of the foothill suburbs, either Hollywood, Sierra Madre or Monrovia, this winter.

Democrats to Pow-wow in Baltimore

There is to be a Democratic harmony banquet in Baltimore, January 17, when William J. Bryan, Governor Harmon of Ohio, Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey and other of the party's probable presidential aspirants will be present. California will be represented at the feast by Nathan Cole, Jr., Democratic committeeman from this state, and Theodore A. Bell, recent gubernatorial aspirant, although he and Cole do not mix well politically. It was Bell, in fact, who tried to have Cole forced from the national committee prior to the presidential campaign, and it was William J. Bryan who insisted that Cole was his friend and must remain. It is gossip that Theodore A. Bell is to be a candidate for vice-president next year, and another political story is to the effect that second place on the ticket may go to Franklin K. Lane.

By the Way



Hervey Lindley's Marked Success

Hervey A. Lindley, who was in the city early in the week, manages to get to Los Angeles at least once a year. Time was when Hervey was the regular Republican organization leader in Southern California, once running for congress from the Los Angeles district. In those days the Times was the insurgent organ here, and bitterly opposed Lindley, whose defeat it finally compassed. Now, Hervey Lindley is a millionaire, although he was in financial straits when he left Los Angeles to seek his fortunes in the Siskiyou. He made and lost money up there, finally going to Seattle, where he built a small railroad to connect with certain lumber interests that he controlled. He won the friendship of the Hills, and, selling out his interests again found himself in possession of a snug fortune. He is now accounted one of the solid men of Seattle, where he owns one of the handsomest homes in that city, a next-door neighbor of Samuel Hill, son-in-law of James J. Hill. Last Sunday, his brother Albert, whose recent mission in Los Angeles, to gain approval of the Panama canal bonds was so successful, and his other brother, Dr. Walter Lindley, had a cozy dinner together at the Alexandria, to which half a dozen friends were invited. The three brothers, who are greatly attached to one another, were in fine fettle, and the occasion was a most joyous one. Albert is fond of joking, and the stories he told on his older brother, Hervey, were appreciated by the latter quite as much as by the others present. Hervey, by the way, was the first to note the possibilities of Broadway as a retail thoroughfare, and was the first to invest on that street, although he sold everything when he left here to go north. After a week at the Alexandria with Mrs. Lindley, who is one of the social leaders of Seattle, and who received many attentions while in this city, Mr. and Mrs. Lindley motored down to Coronado, where they will remain for several weeks, after which they will probably go to the Hotel Raymond for a month.

Railroad Presidents to Confer Here

It is the annual trekking time of railway presidents to Southern California, and until after the new year, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Riverside, San Diego and Redlands will be the Mecca of the big transportation chieftains of the land. President E. P. Ripley of the Santa Fe is due here in a few days, en route to his winter home in Santa Barbara, and President Lovett of the Southern Pacific also will be coming along about the same time. When here they will confer upon matters that will interest the entire state. Their joint railway system, for instance, to the northern California redwoods, is to be rushed to completion the coming year, and there are other rail problems that await a decision, notably in the San Joaquin valley.

Tunnels Not to be Delayed

In certain well informed circles there is gossip to the effect that the proposed Los Angeles Pacific tunnels, because of the stringency of the money market, are doomed to indefinite delay in construction. I have taken pains to investigate this story, and am satisfied that the pessimistic rumor is not founded on facts. It is believed by the interests now in control of the Los Angeles Pacific that the bond market will rule easier soon after the new year, at which time there will be no difficulty in securing the necessary funds for tunnel purposes. To date, I am informed, the Los Angeles Pacific has invested in rights of way and other preliminary requisites for the proposed Santa Monica tunnel bores more than \$500,000. It may be that the proposed new Los Angeles Pacific skyscraper, on the site of the company's present Hill street headquarters will not become a reality at once, but the shortening of the running time to and from Santa Monica is not to be postponed. In addition, there is likelihood of a reduction of the fares, it is said, so as to tempt the heads of middle class families, with an income of a hundred dollars a month and less, to

make their homes at the beach. General Manager Paul Shoup has a number of innovations in store for the people of Los Angeles, and he intends to put them into effect just as rapidly as can be without interfering with the present excellent service.

Holiday Seekers in the East

There was a small colony of Los Angeles folk that started east over the Santa Fe last Sunday to enjoy the holidays in New York and Washington. These were Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy, who are on their way to the national capital to visit their daughter Aileen, who is in Mrs. Somers' school at Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner; Mrs. Hancock Banning and daughter; Robert A. Rowan, and the Walter Clarks are to follow. Avery McCarthy says he has a serious complaint to lodge against the Santa Fe, and he thinks Arthur Wells and John Byrne should be put wise. He insists that the Limited is no way for a man to travel who is on a diet. The dining car service is so good that a dyspeptic, he avers, would have to eat even if it killed him the same day. I see Avery's finish long before he reaches the effete east.

Fairbanks to go to Japan

That former Vice-president Fairbanks is to be appointed ambassador to Japan appears to be a certainty, according to gossip in circulation at Hotel Green, Pasadena. It seems that the story first came to be regarded as having a solid foundation, in view of the fact that the details were being discussed by members of the family of Mr. Fairbanks' son, who is a Pasadena resident. The older Mrs. Fairbanks has been visiting her Southern California relatives recently, and she has confirmed the report to friends from Indianapolis, now living here. The former vice-president is expected in Los Angeles at an early day on his way to Tokio.

More Big Office Buildings Needed

In spite of the large number of office buildings that have been completed within the year, and which are to be finished and ready for occupancy in 1911, there is little desirable vacant space in town. The new Los Angeles Trust building is nearly all bespoken, although it will be almost six months before the structure will be ready to accommodate tenants. The Story building and the new Consolidated Realty building have nearly reached their limits, until at this time it begins to look as if the new year will do even better than its immediate predecessor, in the number of skyscrapers that will be completed. It is reported that E. T. Earl is about ready to clear away the debris on his leased corner at Seventh and Spring streets, where a massive office building is to rear its head skyward, beyond the prescribed line, if the city authorities will permit. So it goes. Calamity predictions are wasted in this city of destiny.

Home Telephone and Huntington

Henry E. Huntington, having affiliated with the James H. Adams Company, recalls the fact that a few years ago E. T. Earl also was associated with that house, when Mr. Phillips was a partner. It has not been long since Mr. Huntington was a pretty important holder of the securities of the Bell system. Then came the prosecution of Louis A. Glass, in San Francisco, and his desertion by his principals. Mr. Huntington and other friends of Glass never liked that. When the Home interests in Los Angeles approached the big street railroad man for financial assistance in the completion of the San Francisco plant, at the time of the money panic a few years ago, they met with a good reception. The latter responded generously. It was his money and the cash advanced by other well-known Los Angelans that saved the San Francisco Home Telephone Company from a receivership, perhaps. Then the Home interests here won W. E. Dunn, the best equipped franchise attorney, from the Sunset, which move also had its genesis in the Glass trial. Now, W. E. Dunn, for years head of the Sunset legal bureau in Southern California, is a director in the Adams firm. I wonder if the next step is to be an amalgamation of all of the telephone interests on the Pacific coast? Should that time come, it will be found that the Postal Telegraph and the Home Telephone systems are in close alliance, similar to that of the Western Union with the Sunset. Such a merger will mean much to Los Angeles, outside of the fact that it will abolish the existing dual telephone systems. This city, in the last twelve years, has advanced more than \$50,000,000 for independent telephone flotation. In fact, it can be said with truth, that all similar enterprises, west of the Mississippi, had their origin here. That

many local investors, whose funds have been tied up for a long time, will soon have their patience rewarded is the gist of the stories now in circulation.

Would-be Patriots at Court House

Seldom has there been seen such a pulling for public positions as is now in progress among the army of would-be workers anxious to serve Los Angeles county at the court house. Word has been passed that the coming legislature is to make sinecures of these places, hence the hosts of patriots who are pestering Meyer A. Lissner and Good Government leaders generally with their claims. Harry A. Leland, county clerk, has a list of fourteen hundred odd applicants for the fewer than fifty clerkships at his disposal. That he is able to survive the ordeal, while it proves him to be considerable of a diplomat, has created great disappointment in certain quarters, it is said. A similar observation applies to other bureau chiefs elected last month. The deputyships in the county clerk's office, however, being the most desirable, have been the more eagerly sought.

Dry Season Predicted

Old timers have been investigating Southern California rain statistics, recently, and have concluded that we are to have a dry season. It has been pointed out that seven years ago was the last drought in this section, and close observers now say that a similar state of affairs are likely to be true for 1910-11. Not being the son of a prophet, nor yet a wet weather expert, I give this gossip for what it is worth.

Mr. Hearst to Honor Us

I hear that William Randolph Hearst is to be in Los Angeles at the coming aviation meet, to remain several days, going from here to Mexico, where he has valuable concessions that require his attention. It was at Mr. Hearst's express direction that Otheman Stevens was dispatched to Mexico City recently to report the so-called revolution from the Diaz point of view. The versatile Otheman, after having dined with certain Los Angelenos now sojourning in the Mexican capital, of which important fact he did not fail to apprise the home office by wire, returned home, convinced that God reigneth, and the Diaz government still lives, to paraphrase a well-known utterance.

Ferris Hartman Gets the Germ

Ferris Hartman is so enamored of Los Angeles that he has decided to make this city his permanent home. He has acquired several parcels of valuable real estate here and is planning to build a handsome home in this city at an early day. Mr. Hartman, I am glad to state, has been able to put by a snug sum each season of late years, and at this time his wealth represents a total well up in the five figures.

Aviation Meet a Sure Winner

That Col. William M. Garland will make a success of the coming aviation meeting, and that the gathering will be an annual affair hereafter, appear certain. Funds for this season's meet have been practically raised, and the profits, if any accrue, are to be donated by the management to charity. The prediction is general that the big feature of the meeting this year will be a flight from the mainland to and from Avalon, Santa Catalina.

Arthur Inkersley to Marry Mrs. Fearn

Golf and tennis devotees who have played much at Santa Barbara and Del Monte will readily recall Arthur Inkersley, a notable figure on the links and on the courts at both these resorts. For more than twenty years Mr. Inkersley has been a contributor to the Call, the News Letter and the Overland Monthly of San Francisco, besides writing occasionally for The Graphic on golf and tennis topics. An Englishman by birth, he is a native of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, and is now in Paris, where, I am informed, he will soon be united in marriage to Mrs. Fearn, widow of the Hon. Walker Fearn, former United States minister to Roumania and Greece. The marriage will take place probably before the end of the year. Mrs. Fearn is a Kentuckian by birth, but her early days were passed on the estate of her father, a rich sugar planter of Louisiana. She has been assiduous in her philanthropic work for the blind, acting as the personal representative of "Carmen Sylvia," queen of Roumania. She is a woman of charming manners and of great personal attractions, with marked literary tendencies. Her "Diary of a Refugee" has just been published by Moffett, Yard & Co., and she is the author of a play having for its title the famous

words of General Grant, "Let Us Have Peace," which has met with the cordial approval of the Grant family, and is now under consideration by New York and London theatrical managers. Another book, entitled "Life at Three Eastern Courts," is already begun and will be finished next year. At present Mrs. Fearn and Mr. Inkersley are the guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. Barton French of New York and Hot Springs, in her Paris apartments on the Rue Benjamin Godard. After the wedding, they plan to visit London before taking up their residence on the Riviera.

Jevne & Co.'s Big Transaction

That was a big deal that was consummated this week when Jevne & Co. took over the old-established grocery house of Anderson & Chanslor, involving a \$150,000 transfer. This transaction is the more significant because of the five-year lease entered into by the Tufts-Lyons Arms Company for the premises vacated by Anderson & Chanslor on South Spring street, the big sporting goods house moving southward after a long-time occupation of its quarters north of Second street on Spring. It was rumored that Jevne & Co. had disposed of their lease of the Norton building, at Sixth and Spring, for a big bonus, but this has been definitely and emphatically denied by the Messrs. Jevne, father and son, which denial the Tuft-Lyons lease fully corroborates. The Jevne house is without a rival in its class on the Pacific coast, and few stores in the eastern metropoli compare with it.

Bad Work Here

I have not looked into the case of the DeArman boy, who was lodged in jail recently because he had administered a thrashing to another youngster who appears to have invited it by making derogatory remarks—but if the story as reported is correct, then Captain Dodds, the probation officer, or whoever is responsible for the arrest, owes young De Arman an apology. No surer way of transforming a clean lad into a scamp occurs to me than by locking up an impressionable youngster with the social outcasts usually to be found in the Los Angeles city jail.

Several New Congressmen Likely

If it is settled that the new congressional apportionment is to be based on 220,000 inhabitants for every member of the lower house in Washington, then Los Angeles county will be entitled to two members instead of one, as at present. In addition, there will be a fraction of population that will give us a third congressman, in connection with adjoining territory. Should this prove true, the city may have the naming of two representatives, with the remainder of the county dictating the third. Pasadena will try to name one man, and San Diego is fairly certain to be conceded one of the new representatives, to which the Eighth district will be entitled. At present Southern California has only one congressman, with the remainder of this section tacking on behind Kern and other counties.

Col. Roosevelt Due Here in February

When Theodore A. Roosevelt visits Southern California in February, he will camp for at least three days on San Clemente Island, where he is to fish in the company of Edward Stewart White, Professor Holder of Pasadena, and former Governor Pardee. Gifford Pinchot also may be out here at the same time, if he can arrange it. The former chief forester has written to Los Angeles that he will try to make the visit to this city then, but is doubtful of succeeding. Colonel Roosevelt will be in this vicinity for about a week.

Noted Aviator to be Permanent Settler

Glen Curtiss may decide to settle permanently in Los Angeles. In fact, agents have been busy this week looking up a suitable house for the well-known aviator. Mrs. Curtiss is convinced that Southern California is the best place in the world for a residence, and her husband says he became convinced of it when he was here last year. Curtiss also says that in Southern California there is better climatic aids to his professional work than elsewhere in the world.

Charley Van Loan's Progress

From New York word reaches me that Charley Van Loan has resigned from the Hearst news service in order to accept a handsome offer from a firm of magazine publishers, on a five-year contract of \$500 a month. He has a fine house in Flatbush, Long Island, recently purchased, and goes to New York city only once or twice a week. Another bit of newspaper gossip is that Edward Duval Moore, at one time in charge of the Associated Press bureau in Los Angeles, and who

made his mark during the San Francisco fire, has quit the Associated Press after a twelve-year service, to engage in the promotion business in a large way. When Moore left here, it was to take the position of night superintendent of the Associated Press in New York. Paul Cowles, who was the Pacific coast superintendent of the Associated Press, at San Francisco, remains in Atlanta, in charge of the southern division. He would like to go to London on assignment, and, later, hopes to come back to California.

Eva Lummis' Important New Book

I await with interest the translation by "Francis Douglas," Mrs. Charles F. Lummis, of Senor Vincente Blasco Ibanez' great story of bull fighting, "Sangre y Arena," which the talented Los Angeles woman, who is an accomplished Spanish scholar, has been preparing for publication for the last year. I understand that her English rendering will have the approval of Senor Ibanez himself. The latter ranks high among the novelists of Spain and his story is said to be a vivid and realistic picture of Spanish life, and especially of the national pastime. Eva Lummis' book will be brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co. next year, under the title of "The Blood of the Arena," and will be illustrated in full color by Troy and Margaret West Kinney, who are in Spain this winter, partly to execute this important commission. Mrs. Lummis has been in San Francisco for nearly a year, intently engaged on this work.

State Capital to be Well Covered

Southern California is to secure exceptional newspaper attention at the coming session of the legislature. The first time in its history the Associated Press will maintain a bureau at the state capital for the covering of committee work heretofore disregarded by that news agency. In addition, the several daily papers will send north their best men to cover an assignment that not always has been deemed of the first importance. E. A. Dickson, who should have a close line on Governor Johnson, will represent the Express; J. S. Nourse, at one time city editor of the Examiner, will report the legislation proceedings for the San Francisco and Los Angeles Hearst papers. Meyer A. Lissner, as chairman of the Republican state central committee, will be in and out of the capital throughout the session. I am wondering if Walter Parker will visit the state capital this winter. Probably not so often as has been his wont in the past. It will not surprise me to see a law enacted that will compel all lobbyists at the state capital to register their names and the objects of their visits at all future legislative meetings.

May Have Two New Judges

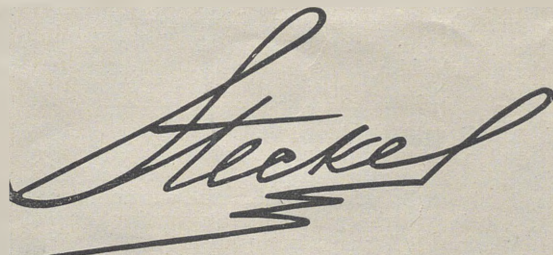
Los Angeles county is to have two additional superior court judges, if present plans are approved by the legislature. It is insisted by attorneys that as Los Angeles county has more population than San Francisco, we need additional court facilities, which at this time are inadequate, and not equal to the service in San Francisco county. In the event that the new judges are conceded, Governor Hiram A. Johnson is likely to name one of the recent candidates for the bench whose indorsement by the people was lowest on the list.

Furnishing Authors Local Color

Bert A. Franklin, chief deputy of United States Marshal Leo V. Youngworth, figures in a story appearing in the December Hampton's, written by Fred A. Bechtold, formerly of the Evening News staff. The story is an exceptionally strong one, with the Los Angeles police station supplying part of the background.

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Books

'Tis said a lover is blind; in reality, 'tis only a lover who really sees and interprets. Lillian Whiting has uttered as tender and as graceful a tribute as man or woman ever voiced in her memoir of "Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend." It is a rare work, in which the spirit of Mrs. Moulton speaks as from the portals of the "great beyond," through the medium of her gifted friend, and the superlative beauties of mind, life and expression in each are blended into one harmonious and perfect whole. With Mrs. Moulton's literary ideals Lillian Whiting is so thoroughly in accord, and her insight into the fundamental principles of true inspiration and execution is so acute that she is peculiarly fitted for the loving service.

Even so early as from her seventh year the muse of Ellen Louise sang spontaneously and with a maturity of thought that was surprising even to that serious-minded period, and which won for her recognition in the publication of her initial poem when she was but fourteen. At eighteen she brought out her first book of short stories, sketches and rhymes, and this was quickly followed by a novel euphoniously titled "Juno Clifford," the beginning of frequent contributions. These early efforts at short story writing of a style such as recalls Godey's Lady Book and which is regarded as rather tame to present-day way of thinking, together with her zealous application to the study of literary criticism that became so much a part of her entire life thereafter, increasing in depth and volume as she grew older, prepared her for the development of her real talent—for that poetical expression which moved the London Atheneum, voicing the judgment of the highest critics, to say, "Her work entitles her to her recognized position as the first poet among women in America." By her marriage to William Upham Moulton, editor and publisher of "The True Flag" of Boston, in 1855, she entered into an atmosphere to encourage those marked talents with which nature had so richly endowed her. In Boston she was at once introduced to the most remarkable of literary circles and formed those close friendships that were so precious and beneficial to her rapidly expanding spiritual and literary mind—Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Steadman, Mrs. Helen Whitman, Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford, and a list too numerous to mention by name, but so interwoven with all that is best in American thought and letters.

It was here that she began her career as a newspaper woman, reporting for the New York Tribune that brilliant meeting of the Radical Club and the intellectual news of Boston, generally. The glimpses of the literati of the day, whose names are now elevated almost to a place with the household gods wherever culture abides, which these sprightly notes preserve are of deepest interest. Here were gathered:

Alcott, hoary embodiment of cool, clear thought; Mrs. Severance, the beloved president of the New England Woman's Club, reminding one so much of an Indian summer day, so calm and peaceful is the sweet face that looks out at you from its framing of fair waving hair; bonny Kate Field of the honest eyes and piquant pen; Julia Ward Howe, who somehow or other makes you think of the old fairy story of the girl who never opened her mouth but there fell down before her pearls and diamonds; Lucy Stone, the very picture of retiring womanliness in her Quaker-like simplicity of dress; Celia Thaxter, whom the Atlantic naturally delights to honor, since from the Atlantic surges she caught the rhythm of her life; Nora Perry, with the golden hair, who had journeyed up from Providence with the gull's feather in her hat and a glint of mischief in her glance.

And so on in so human and racy a vein that the reader is charmed with the message and the bearer. Among her Tribune letters are spicy accounts of the meetings of the New England Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Severance was president; and in connection with this lighter work Mrs. Moulton was contributing poems and stories to the leading American magazines continuously, which later furnished the material for the long list of books to

her credit. Of these it is to her poetical works that she owes her fame by reason of their beauty, delicacy and deep spiritual perception. "In the Garden of Dreams," "Swallow Flight" and "At the Wind's Will" are the most notable. She was also a discoverer of many other singers of merit, among these being William Watson, whose "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue" created so much adverse criticism recently, but whose poetry is nevertheless full of music, profundity and exquisite coloring.

Louise Chandler Moulton was, above all else, a writer of letters; she was a poet and an author, but she was pre-eminently a friend, whose broad human sympathy went out in inexhaustible generosity to all who claimed her in whatsoever land they abode. Hence it is that from so rich and intimate materials has been woven the spirit fabric that clothes this beautiful soul picture. These are the rare bits of criticism from which Miss Whiting has made choice with such discrimination as to mark her at once a critic of much insight and ability. In her later years, Mrs. Moulton traveled much abroad, going to Europe at least every two years, writing delightfully of her experiences for the press. Many of the epistles recorded indicate quite as close intimacy and regard on the part of the world's great ones of other countries for the woman and her talent as in America. One of the most charming and pathetic of these friendships was that existing between herself and Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet. A curious and romantic literary correspondence was that with Pascal Germain, whose real name she never did learn. The tone of these letters is unusually piquant but earnest and liberal. Here also are letters to "Dear Willie," meaning no less a personage than William Winter, and replies addressed to "Dear Louise," which indicate the character of the correspondence laid before the reader. Her own books, the productions and labors of her friends and all things of current literary interest to the intellectual world are embraced in the budget. It is rather peculiar to note in one so spiritually minded so great a fear of death, and it is in answer to her comments on the subject that Mrs. Browning alludes to spiritualism in one of her letters. In 1906 this talented woman joined her beloved husband, who had passed to the spirit realm several years before.

This is a book to be read not once but many times, with much benefit and deepest interest both for its literary merit and for its humanity. ("Louise Chandler Moulton," By Lillian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Kipling's Collected Verse"

Kipling lovers—and they are legion—will hail with genuine delight a volume of their favorite author's collected verse which Doubleday, Page & Co. have brought out this season with all the old favorites included and many new ones that have appeared in magazines here and in England within the last five years. They comprise gems from "Barrack-Room Ballads," from "Departmental Ditties and Other Verse," "The Seven Seas," "The Five Nations" and other collections that have preceded this latest compilation. There is his rhythmic "The Miracles," that fine tribute to man's creative mind as viewed by the home-bound traveler from the colonies; the narrative "Song of the Banjo," with its daring imitative chorus; the stirring "Rhyme of the Three Sealers," "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Mary Gloster," "Ballad of the Clamperdown," "The Derelict," the two Chanteys, "First" and "Last," the virile "Native-Born," "Ballad of East and West," and the "Last Letter." It is a gathering together of his best work, "The Recessional," "Danny Deever," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "Gunga Din," "Mandalay," "Ford o' Kabul River," "Back to the Army Again," "The Ladies," "Bill 'Awkins," "The Sergeant's Wedding"—

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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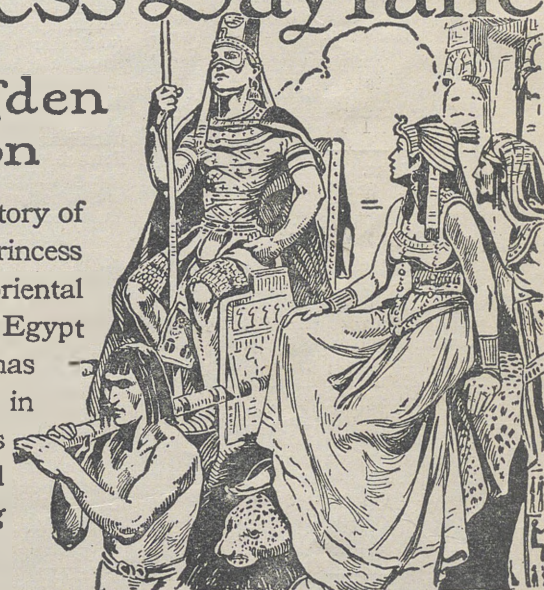
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Music

By Waldo F. Chase

Lyric Club, the evening of December 8, gave a most artistic program. Under Mr. Poulin's skillful hand, this chorus of women has attained a high degree of proficiency in ensemble work; its tone quality is excellent, no voices asserting themselves with undue prominence, its phrasing and shading is good, and the parts are remarkably well balanced. As a rule, in such choruses there seems great lack of foundation tone, but the Lyric Club has a good body of altos, who know how to sing, and there is consequently no lack of support for the higher voices. Particularly delightful were the exquisite "Songs My Mother Taught Me," arranged from Dvorak, and the "Saint Mary Magdalene," by Vincent d'Indy; the latter is full of deep religious feeling, and is of simple, but most beautiful harmonic structure. The success of this number was due in no small measure to the artistic singing of Mrs. Bootne, who gave the solo parts a very sympathetic interpretation. Miss Kie Julie Christin gave two solos in her excellent style, and received a hearty encore. Mr. Henry Balfour's beautiful tenor voice was heard to splendid advantage in the "Salve! dimora," from "Faust," and in a recitative and aria from "Manon." Mr. Balfour's voice is well adapted for operatic work, and its clear, ringing quality, coupled with very intelligent handling, makes it extremely effective. He was enthusiastically received, and sang several encores. Mrs. Hennion Robinson accompanied at the piano with her usual skill, and Mrs. Chick presided at the organ.

At the Congregational church, the same evening, the orchestra connected with that church, under the leadership of Mr. William H. Mead, gave a program of works by local composers. With the assistance of Mrs. W. H. Porterfield, soprano; Mr. Horatio Cogswell, baritone, and Mr. Harold Walberg, violinist, the orchestra played a long and quite interesting program. This was its thirty-seventh popular concert.

Christmas night, the choral society connected with the First Congregational church will sing portions of Handel's "Messiah." The soloists will be Mrs. Bootne, soprano; Mrs. Richards, alto, and Mr. Novis, bass. Mr. William H. Lott will conduct. Following is the program: Recitative for contralto, "Benoid a Virgin Shall Conceive; air and chorus, "O, Thou, That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion;" recitative for bass, "For Behold, Darkness Shall Cover the Earth;" air, "The People That Walked in Darkness;" "chorus, "For Unto Us a Child is Born;" postoral symphony, organ; recitatives for soprano, "There were Shepherds," "And Lo, the Angel of the Lord," "And Suddenly There Was With the Angel;" choruses, "Glory to God" and "Hallelujah."

Friday afternoon a large audience greeted the Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished guest. Mr. Gogorza was in fine fettle and more than fulfilled the expectations of the crowds that had gathered to hear him. His perfect rendition of the "Roi de Lahore" aria was a splendid exhibition of good tone production and quality, faultless phrasing and intelligent and highly artistic interpretation. Mr. Gogorza knows the meaning of "values" in music, and gets his effects entirely by legitimate means. There is no striving for the sensational in his work, and yet how effective are his climaxes, and how exquisitely tender his softer passages! After the much-abused "Doi Passente," which at his hands received new vitality and added charm, Mr. Gogorza sang in his inimitable way "Mother Mine." This he makes far more effective than any singer we have heard. In it he reached the heart of everyone present. The orchestra, under Mr. Hamilton's lead, accompanied the sing-

er very acceptably. The instrumental numbers at this concert were the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven, which Mr. Hamilton led with much understanding and command, the Leonore Overture No. 3 and the E major Polonaise of Liszt. This second concert of the season demonstrated again the truth that the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra is an accomplished fact, and the remaining concerts will be looked forward to with much interest. In securing the artists for these concerts, the directors have done wisely. Not only is the interest of the programs greatly enhanced, but there is a tone given the performances that is felt both by audience and orchestra. Mention should be made again of the valuable annotated programs provided for these concerts. Mr. Patterson's notes are not only instructive, but also interesting and entertaining.

Joseph Hofmann, who is to appear here later, is having a busy season in the east, playing with orchestra and in recital. Hofmann is a brainy player, whose work always is worth while. There is nothing of the sensational about him, but each season wins him new laurels and increases his hold on the public's favor.

New York city has recently enjoyed the first production of an opera, by an Italian, dealing with an American subject, and adapted from an American drama. Savage will shortly produce the same opera in English. Bonci and Nordica are both enthusiastic over opera in English, and each has plans for the production of grand opera in the vernacular, and, as far as possible, by American singers. Many of our own composers are doing splendid and original work in the larger forms, and the present wave of enthusiasm for things American must, it would seem, result soon in the production of a great work for the operatic stage, which we could claim wholly as our own. Owing to the fact that our art is unquestionably European, and that the musician must be, and is, thoroughly saturated with the music of Germany, Italy and France the difficulty of producing something different is very great, in fact not wholly possible. In the search for "raw material," around which to build an American structure, different lines have been followed; Dvorak, in his "New World Symphony," turned to the melodies of the south. MacDowell, Cadman, Farwell and others to the music of the American Indian. And now the name of Stephen Foster is seen continually in connection with the much-discussed question as to what is truly American in music, and he is heralded as the composer of true folksongs. There seems to be, much justice in the claim, for no songs are better known or more truly popular than "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "John Brown's Body" and many others. It would seem also, that the fact that these songs have maintained their popularity when their author's name is comparatively unknown, gives them additional value as folksongs. The people have adopted the songs, and, as a people, forgotten the singer. The objection that they are negro songs cannot hold, because the melodies have nothing of the Ethiopian in their construction. But to return to the question of the adaptability of American music, be it Indian, Creole, Negro or Foster folksongs, to the requirements of grand opera, it would seem that the deliberate effort to use any of these means must result in failure. It is difficult to conceive of the cleverest adaptation of "Old Black Joe" being anything but ridiculous in a serious work, and while the less known and more picturesque Indian melodies might, in many cases, be most effectively used, it would seem that the great American opera must be written independently of any of these means, the product of an original genius, who, like Wagner or Strauss, is able to use his heritage of musical knowledge in a new



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and original manner. The music must be inspired by the lines and dramatic situation of the play, and any effort to graft on so-called American themes, where there is no excuse for them, would be farcical.

Alessandro Bonci, who is to be heard here in concert, is having tremendous success as a concert singer. His remarkable work as an interpreter of English songs, and his beautiful enunciation of the English language are especially commented upon.

Speaking of the Balalaika Orchestra, of which mention was made in the last issue of The Graphic, a New York critic in Musical America says: "The effect was curious and engaging. So finely modulated was the tone at the outset, and so gradually did it rise with steadily increasing power, that it produced the awesome feeling of the genii coming out of a bottle. . . . If the great symphony orchestras heard in America played invariably with the absolute perfection of nuance and rhythm of these balalaika players, there would never be anything to complain of."

Chicago has had two performances of "Salome," and cries "enough!" There are reports of police interfer-

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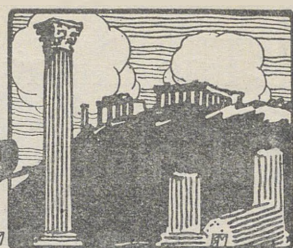
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ence, though the management names public opinion as the reason for its withdrawal.

Young America
My head is full of Santy Claus
And lots of other things;
Of hobby-horses painted red
And flying things with wings.
I want a great big soldier drum,
The kind that makes a noise;
I want a sword and shoulder-straps,
The kind they give big boys.
I want a great big rocking-horse,
With real hair for a tail;
I want a man-of-war that fights
All other boats that sail.
I want a gun that's sure to kill
An injun or a bear;
I want a box of candy, too,
And Santy, don't you dare
To come without an elephant,
A tiger and a moose—
Bring any kind of animal
You find a-running loose.
—MINA DEANE HALSEY.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

One of the most interesting and withal one of the most notable exhibitions that have come under the reviewer's eye this season was the collection of thirty marines in oil from the positive brush of John Donovan, which has been on public view at the Steckel Gallery for the last fortnight. Three years ago I had the pleasure of reviewing a slightly smaller display of deep-sea studies by Mr. Donovan at this same gallery, and at that time I was greatly impressed by the evident truth of this young painter's art. However, I was scarcely prepared for the change that has taken place in this interval of time, in which Mr. Donovan has worked so steadily and quietly that many of his most ardent admirers were rather uncertain regarding his exact whereabouts. The present collection shows a remarkable advance in every way over the canvases seen three years ago. Before, his sea possessed a certain depth and expanse, now it is fathomless and boundless. I felt in the former studies movement and atmosphere, but in these the clouds and spray fly before the wind, the sails belly and the rigging creaks, while the sea whirls and churns into froth about the plowing bows and the salt tang of the deep is blown into one's nostrils by a sharp gale.

This collection is one to admire and study, yet few who visited the gallery during its stay were fully able to appreciate its significance and beauty, and fewer still who could dare lift their voices in criticism or condemnation of the truth of these mid-ocean canvases. None but a sailor of more than ordinary artistic perception could do this, and who but a sailor could be on such intimate terms with the deep as to presume to translate its restless soul in paint. Sailors more often become captains, merchants, or yarnspinners than painters, but Mr. Donovan is the exception which proves the rule. For many years before he was a painter he was a sailor, and, needless to say, he has for all time been an artist, else the vast knowledge and keen observation of seafaring things would have been turned to more material account and the world of art would have been the loser thereby.

I was impressed by the great variety which Mr. Donovan has been able to maintain in a choice of subject that offers little if any picturesque accessories. It is easy for the landscape painter to lead us from sloping English meadows to the glories of a desert sunset; the genre painter can always hold our attention by his wide range of subjects; but the marine painter must needs be an artist of the first rank to congregate his work and not find it somewhat monotonous company. This fault cannot be laid at Mr. Donovan's door. By studying the various moods of the sea and by utilizing its every phase of change and color, aspect and condition, he has in a crafty manner given a certain distinction and individual character to each and every canvas.

In "The Harbar Bar" the cloud banks are fleecy and white and the water purls and sparkles, while "Off the Irish Coast" the swells roll heavily and the spray flies before a lashing wind and the sky is leaden with unshed rain. "Evening After Storm" differs diametrically from "Dying Out," a sunset effect almost Venetian in character, and the sweet charm of "The Mystic Hour," a lazy harmony of green and rose, is strongly contrasted by the strength and vigor of "Twixt Night and Day," which is almost terrifying in its solemn majesty. "The Pilot" is strong and virile, and "Channel Moonlight" is dreamy and indistinct and full of subtle suggestion. "The Cloud Bank" vibrates with scintillating light and is of definite interest, while its neighbor, "Low Tide," is as poetic as

a Diaz. "Home Before Dark," "Harbor Lights," "Heavy Weather" and "The French Coaster" are all widely different in point, yet of like subjects. "Afterglow" proves Mr. Donovan's ability to handle paint in a broad manner, although a nearby canvas is rendered with great fidelity to details. At the close of this exhibition the artist will go to New York for an indefinite stay, and if the next three years hold in store for him what he has gained in the three just passed, I venture that it will be necessary to offer strong bait to secure even a small collection of his future work for our humble consideration.

Many visitors are being attracted to the Craft Shop at 218 East Avenue Forty-one, where Miss Mabel Free and Miss Emma Kraft are holding the annual winter exhibition of their works in hand-wrought jewelry, tooled leather, hammered brass and copper, and hand-built pottery. These two talented young women have won for themselves a high place in the field of their art because they have put the best of their intelligence and the best work of their hands into their wares. Several handsome reading lamps, with hand-built founts in dull browns, yellows and greens, and with shades of wrought copper and amber glass, are noteworthy. The pottery and metal is successfully combined in pen trays, ink pots, nut bowls and tobacco jars. The letter racks and book ends and paper knives, ornamented with scarabs in pottery shown at this time, are very effective. Brass and copper sconces and pottery candle-holders, with copper shades, are both useful and beautiful, while one large table that is given over to a display of tooled-leather card cases, wallets, purses and pen-wipers in the natural leather, forms a unique feature of the exhibition. One entire wall is filled with examples of hand-illuminated gift cards, wall mottoes and bookmarks. Of chief interest are the several cases of hand-wrought jewelry in dull gold and silver, set with selected semi-precious stones to harmonize with the general scheme of color and design. The gold and silver neck chains, each link soldered by hand, with pendants of abalone pearls, amethysts, and sardonyx, are perhaps the best examples of work shown and add greatly to this altogether meritorious exhibition.

At "Artemesia," the unique bungalow studio home of Idah Meachem Strobbridge, on the edge of the Arroyo Seco, at the foot of East Avenue Forty-one, a special holiday exhibition of more than usual interest is now open to the public. Mrs. Strobbridge's work is too well known locally to need special eulogy. Suffice it that the present showing of hand-bound books, tooled leather, and illuminated wall mottoes is well up to the usual high standard of this genial artist's best work. In the art gallery are to be seen examples of book bindings notable for their simple elegance. In many of these the title pages are hand-illuminated and the end papers hand-colored. Mrs. Strobbridge has of late devoted much time to the art of illumination and the entire text of the "Rubaiyat" and "Saul" are thus enhanced. A display of card cases, wallets, address books, California birthday books, complete this tasteful array. A special feature of the exhibition is a collection of about forty oils, watercolors, and engravings and monotypes, representing the best work of our well-known local and California painters. These pictures are not for sale, being a portion of Mrs. Strobbridge's private collection which she has placed on public view.

One of the forward movements in local art work will be given its premiere this afternoon at the Friday Morning Clubhouse, when the general public will be the guests of the art committee of the club at a reception and review of a carefully chosen collection of etch-

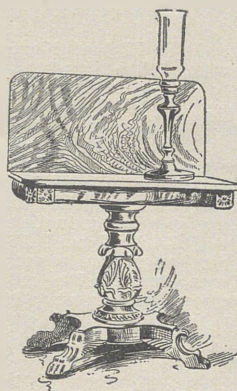
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ings representative of the best of our American etchers. Examples of Whistler's, Parnell's MacLaughlin's and Platt's work will be shown. Miss Olive Percival, chairman of the art committee, is an untiring worker for the cause of art, and under her able direction other equally important exhibitions have been planned. Let all who can, attend this reception.

Emilie Stearns Perry held an exhibition of her late work in portraits, decorative panels and plaques in bas relief and designs in mottoes and illuminated texts at the Y. W. C. A. building this week. Review later.

By a fire of unknown origin, the Col-

lege of Fine Arts, U. S. C., located at Garvanza, was completely destroyed at an early hour Friday morning. The contents of the building, including the most important paintings of William Lees Judson, Neil Danely Brooker, Helma Heynsen Jahn and Miss Arely Tottenham, were destroyed. This is a distinct loss to the entire community.

Mrs. Katherine Wisner McCluskey read James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal" for the students of Cum-nock School and their friends Wednesday morning. The reading was delicate and beautiful, and full of the charm that Mrs. McCluskey puts into her work.

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

One of the most resplendent of the season's society events was the luncheon of eighty-four covers given Thursday by Mrs. John H. Francis at the California Club. The reception rooms were artistically decorated with long-stemmed American Beauties and white rosebuds and Kentia palms and ferns also were used in the arrangement. My Maryland roses and maidenhair ferns adorned the tables and the favors were fancy baskets of bonbons, while gold-monogrammed cards marked places. Mrs. Francis was assisted in receiving by Mes. I. N. Van Nuys, Alfred Solano, Henry W. O'Melveny, Cameron E. Thom, Elise Kerckhoff, J. G. Mossin, James C. Kays, Thomas L. Duque, W. H. Perry, Charles Modini-Wood, Stephen C. Hubbell, Earl B. Millar, Walter Jarvis Barlow, John M. Carson, Ernest A. Bryant, W. G. Kerckhoff, S. O. Houghton, Jr., John G. Mott and Miss Lynch.

One of the most charming of the young women to make their debut this season is Miss Mildred Burnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Burnett. Miss Burnett was formally introduced to society last evening at a delightful dancing party given by her parents at Kramer's. The function was one of the most elaborate of the winter social affairs and was attended by several hundred society folk. Mr. and Mrs. Burnett were assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mes. Charles C. Carpenter, Joseph B. Banning, I. N. Van Nuys, William May Garland, Michael J. Connell, W. G. Kerckhoff, J. W. McKinley, Wesley Clark, Adna R. Chaffee, Stephen C. Hubbell, Daniel Murphy, J. Ross Clark, Allan C. Balch, Edwin T. Earl, Burton Green, West Hughes, Charles Modini-Wood, W. A. Clark, Jr., Roland Bishop, H. T. Lee, William Hamilton Toaz, Charles Monroe, William H. Ennis, William S. Ennis, Thomas Caldwell Ridgway, John Hubert Norton, John J. Byrne Dean Mason, J. H. Barbour, Willoughby Rodman, Harrison I. Drummond of Pasadena, Rufus H. Herron; Mes. Katherine Stearns, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Amy Marie Norton, Juliet Borden, Sally Bonner, Lucile Elizabeth Clark, Inez Clark, Katherine Banning, Emma Conroy, Madeline King, Kate Van Nuys, Marjorie Utley, Emily Newlin, Katherine Barbour, Annis Van Nuys, Sue Carpenter, Echo Allen, Fannie Todd Carpenter, Clarisse Stevens, Jane Rollins and Sally McFarland.

In honor of Miss Katherine Banning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Banning, and Miss Amy Marie Norton, daughter of Maj. and Mrs. John H. Norton, two of the season's coterie of debutantes, Miss Marie Bobrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick of South Burlington avenue, entertained Wednesday with a daintily appointed luncheon. The table was decorated with a pretty arrangement of American Beauty roses and ferns. A miniature lake forming the centerpiece was enbanked with the roses and greenery. The place cards were gold monogrammed and seats were marked with corsage bouquets of violets and rosebuds. Guests were Mes. Katherine Banning, Amy Marie Norton, Madeline King, Lucile Clark, Gertrude King, Barbara Burkhalter, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Jane Rollins, Sally McFarland, Kathleen Spence, Emma Conroy, Virginia Nourse, Anita Patton, Katherine Stearns, May Rhodes, Florence Brown, Clarisse Stevens, Mildred Burnett and Marjorie Utley.

Miss Juliet Borden, daughter of Mr. Sheldon Borden, entertained Tuesday evening with a dinner party at her home on South Hope street, in compliment to two of the season's debutantes, Miss Florence Wood and Miss Mildred Burnett. The table was prettily decorated with Enchantress carnations and Cecil Brunner roses and ferns. Places were set for Mes. Florence Wood, Mildred Burnett, Elizabeth Wood, Amy Marie Norton, Katherine Stearns, Sally Bonner, Emma Conroy, Lucile Clark; Messrs. Henry Daly,

Dick Clapp, Jack Somers, Warren Gil-elen, George Ennis, Neil Pendleton, Tim Horan, Harry Blackmore and William Reid.

One of the most elaborate affairs of the week will be the tea and dance which Mrs. Michael J. Connell will give this afternoon at the Los Angeles Country Club in honor of the debutantes of the season, and their young men friends. Miss Sally Bonner, niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, whose formal bow to society was made recently, will be the special guest of honor.

Major and Mrs. John Hubert Norton of 334 West Twenty-eighth street have issued invitations for a brilliant ball and cotillon to be given at the assembly rooms next Tuesday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Amy Marie Norton, whose formal debut was made recently. Miss Norton was hostess Wednesday evening at a small dinner-dance, the affair being in honor of Mes. Sally McFarland and Florence Wood, two other of the season's debutantes. Places for twelve were laid for the dinner, and later other guests came in for the evening of dancing.

Miss Elizabeth Wood, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of St. James Park, has issued invitations for a dinner dance to be given at her home, Monday evening, December 26. This will be in the nature of a farewell, as Miss Wood, accompanying her parents, her sister and grandmother, Mrs. W. H. Perry, will leave January 22 for two or three months in the east.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor of West Adams street for a luncheon to be given at the California Club, Wednesday afternoon, December 21. Mrs. Taylor will be assisted by Mes. Walter Scott Newhall, Michael J. Connell, William May Garland, Guy Cochran, Rae Smith, W. S. Hook, Jr., and Gerald G. Guyer.

Announcement is made of the betrothal of Miss Helen Bosbyshell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bosbyshell of West Eleventh street, to Mr. Frederick Eugene Warner of New York. Revelation of the approaching wedding was made last Saturday afternoon at an informal sewing party given at the home of the bride-to-be. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion in a color scheme of yellow and green, wedding bells and wide satin ribbons being gracefully combined with ferns. Guests present included Mes. Ward Smith, T. L. Bayle, James Woodson, Charles Rhone, Ellery Hampton, John Cocke, William Bosbyshell, Ralph Edinger, Olive Ranlett, Fred Allen, Samuel Morse, Elmer Pascoe, and the Mes. Annie Thomas, Mildred Neiswender, Viola Henck,

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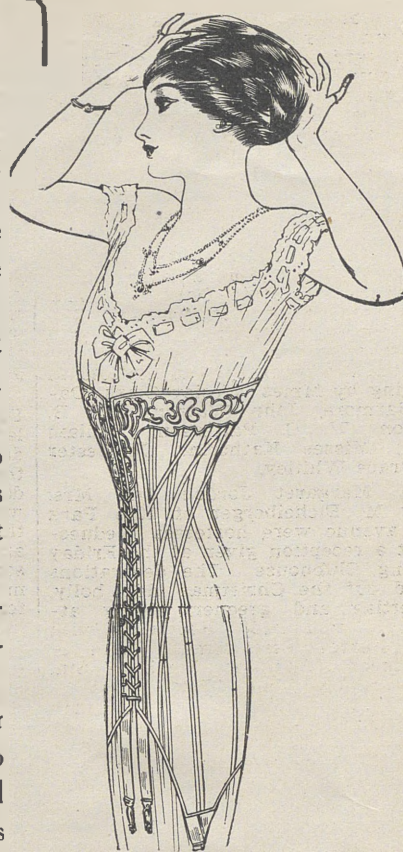
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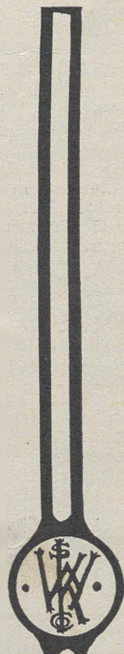
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BROADWAY AT FOURTH

Margaret Cordinger, Helen Tappe, Elizabeth Riordan, Ethel Wyatt, Willie Kerns and Geraldine Woodruff. Date for the wedding has been set for February 2, this being the fortieth wedding anniversary of the bride-elect's parents. Miss Bosbyshell is well known as a talented musician and is popular in a wide circle of friends, the family being one of the oldest and best known in Southern California. Mr. Warner, whose home is in New York, has business interests in Pasadena.

Mrs. Hobart Johnson Whitley was hostess Wednesday at a large reception given at the Hotel Darby for about three hundred of her friends. The rooms were artistically decorated with Christmas greens, holly and poinsettias and Mrs. Whitley was assisted in receiving by Meses. Wesley Clark, David Barmore, John Watson, Gail B. Johnson, W. C. Patterson, William Bayly; Misses Katherine Chichester and Grace Whitley.

Mrs. Margaret Jordon and Mrs. Harry M. Eichelberger of 1015 Park View avenue were hostesses Wednesday at a reception given at the Friday Morning Clubhouse. The decorations carried out the Christmas idea, holly, poinsettias and greenery being attractively combined. Receiving with the hostesses were Meses. Willis G. Hutchinson, Sumpter Zombro, Sim Wilson, Sidney Webb, Ward Van Deusen, Charles P. Bragg, Otto Neher; Misses Ruth Fleming, Helen Thresher, Dorothy Jackins, Mollie Adelia Brown, Florence Thresher, Emma Bumiller, Clark Bosbyshell, Blanche Ruby, Agnes Britt, Marian Stewart and Alice Fleming.

Miss Canfield, whose engagement was announced recently, was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a theater party at the Orpheum, given by Miss Agnes Hole. Later, the guests were taken to the Alexandria for tea. Besides Miss Canfield and the hostess, places were set for Misses Edna Letts, Gladys Lett, Ruth Larned, Eileen Canfield, Helen Brant, Ada Seeley and Margaret Miller. Tuesday of next week Miss Hole will entertain with a similar party for Miss Ruth Larned, who will make her formal debut early in January, and for Miss Rhoda Rindge, who will return Monday from Wellesley to pass the Christmas holidays here.

Mrs. R. D. Bronson and her sister, Mrs. John R. Powers of Scarff street, were hostesses Thursday afternoon at an artistically appointed reception given at the Ebell Clubhouse in compliment to their mother and sister, Mrs. Richard V. Day and Miss Gretchen Day, who, with Mr. Day, recently returned to their home in St. James Park from a round-the-world trip.

Senator and Mrs. Eugene S. Ives have issued invitations for an "at home" to be given Tuesday evening, December 27, at their residence near Shorb. The affair will mark the formal introduction to society of the Misses Cora and Annette Ives, the charming daughters of the host and hostess.

Another attractive young woman, Miss Rae Belle Morlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Morlan of Manhattan place, is soon to join the pretty array of debutantes. Miss Morlan will be formally introduced at a tea which her mother will give Thursday afternoon, January 5.

Miss Ada Seeley of 1515 South Figueroa street will entertain in January with a series of luncheons, the first of the affairs being planned in honor of the season's debutantes, while the second will be in honor of the brides-elect.

Of interest to local society folk is the announcement made of the betrothal of Miss Elizabeth Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall of San Francisco, to Mr. Arthur Chesebrough, also of that city. Miss Newhall, who is one of the most popular members of the northern society set, is a niece by marriage of Mrs. Walter Scott Newhall of this city.

Mrs. W. W. Neuer of 834 South Bonnie Brae street has issued invitations for a large tea party to be given at the Ebell Clubhouse the afternoon of January 4, in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Ruth Larned.

Miss Katherine Widney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Widney, whose engagement to Mr. Shirley E. Brewer of Chicago was announced recently, is being delightfully feted by her many friends. Thursday she was the guest of honor at a bridge party given by

Mrs. Helen Heinn of 1728 South Alvarado street. Soon after Christmas Mrs. Leland Bagley of Seventh avenue and West Adams street will entertain with an afternoon card party in Miss Widney's honor.

At a fashionable tea given Friday by her mother, Mrs. Frances Josephine Holmes of 1903 Cordova street, Miss Helen Holmes, granddaughter of the late Francis Murphy, made her formal debut. The affair was prettily arranged and many guests were received between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock. Miss Holmes, who recently concluded a course in the Girls' Collegiate School, is now devoting herself to her vocal studies. She has a host of friends and is one of the popular members of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of Hotel Darby have issued invitations for a large tea to be given at the hotel, Friday, January 6, from 4 until 7 o'clock, the affair being in honor of their daughter, Miss Lucile Elizabeth Clark, who will make her formal debut upon this occasion. Miss Clark, who is among the most attractive of the season's buds, has been the recipient of much attention this season, several informal affairs having been given in her honor.

Mrs. John Stuart Williams of Fort Ruger, Honolulu, has returned to her home after a two months' visit here with her mother, Mrs. Etta B. Walker of Harvard boulevard.

Maj. Ben C. Truman and family, who have been at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, for a number of weeks, are guests of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

Mrs. Thomas Graham is visiting in San Francisco as the guest of her mother.

Of interest to her many friends will be the news that Mrs. George H. Dobinson, widow of the late George H. Dobinson, is recovering from her long siege of nervous prostration following the death of her husband, and will soon leave the hospital to go to the home of her mother, Mrs. J. P. Mantz, of 645 West Avenue Fifty. Mrs. Dobinson is well known in the literary and dramatic world through her readings, sketch-writing and original work along these lines.

Cards are out for a dance to be given at the California Club by Mrs. Cornelius C. Desmond the evening of December 29, in compliment to Miss Hays, Miss McDermott and Miss Catherine Mullen.

Manager D. F. Robertson, of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank, who is conducting a large party of Los Angelenos on a tour of the world, writes from Singapore, Straits Settlement, that members of the party are all well. "They now are," he says, "10,340 miles away from their homes and are enjoying a taste of hot winter weather, being only about sixty miles from the equator."

Miss Mary Goodrich Read, the attractive young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Read of 2325 Thompson street, who made her debut recently,

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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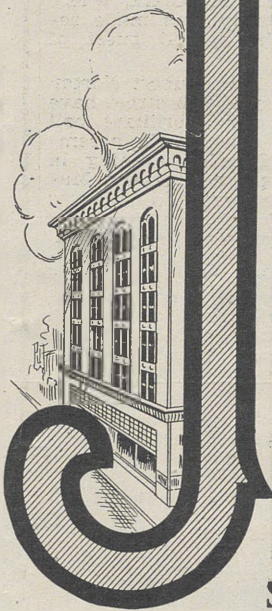
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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Cal., November 15, 1910.
Notice is hereby given that Joseph Szymanski, of Alhambra, California, who, on October 14, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 10908, Serial No. 03712, for lots 3 and 4 SW. 1-4, NW. 1-4, NW. 1-4, SW. 1-4 Sec. 1, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of January, 1911.
Claimant names as witnesses: Anton Leuterer, J. H. Goebel, Aug. Schmidt, all of Topanga, California, S. K. Szymanski of Los Angeles, California.
FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, Dec. 10, 1910.

Cheaters

In "The Other Woman," which Blanche Walsh is offering at the Mason this week, Frederic Arnold Kummer has demonstrated the difference between a literary concoction and a dramatic production. His work decidedly belongs to the former classification, and while of undoubted interest, falls short of being a convincing stage picture. Perhaps this is owing to the unsatisfactory portrayal of James Harrington, the husband, whose personable appearance does not atone for his too-precise, word-measured lovmaking, whose most ardent speeches convey the impression that nothing on God's green footstool, the heavens above or the water beneath, can accelerate his verbal flow and serve to inject heart pangs into his protestations. It is the old story retold: A wife who has ceased to study her husband, their estrangement, his drifting to the "other woman" for the sympathy he does not get at home. In his case, the other woman is blessed or cursed with a conscience, and when she learns

the play is in a monotone throughout, tearful, sacrificial, infestive. S. T. C.

"Old Heidelberg" at the Belasco

Consistently well enacted is the production of "Old Heidelberg," which the Belasco company gives this week. This revival of the ever-popular play makes the twenty-second week of its presentation at the Belasco Theater, and in the main the cast is the same as that of last season. Lewis S. Stone as Prince Karl Heinrich, gives a carefully studied portrayal. His delineation of the metamorphosis of the grave, serious-minded young prince is so subtle as to approach the zenith of his art. Eleanor Gordon's Kathie, curiously enough, is singularly the same, even to intonation, as that of Miss Thais Magrane, who played the role last year. James K. Applebee, the Doctor Juttner of the production, draws a lovable character and invests the part with deserved strength. Others previously cast are William Yerance as Minister Van Haughk; Frank E. Camp as Lutz, valet de chambre to Karl Heinrich; Richard Vivian as Graff Detlev von



TEXAS GUINAN, IN "THE KISSING GIRL," AT THE MAJESTIC

that the man she has allowed herself to love has a suffering wife, soon to be a mother, she renounces her love and sends the husband back to his home and to his duty. Blanche Walsh has fine poise and excellent repression, but the feeling will obtrude that both are the natural concomitants of a matured mind, thus accounting for her conscience and for her renunciation. The big scene in the second act, where the husband declares his passion for the artist, is not and never can be a fit subject for stage exploitation. Impassioned avowals of love, followed by amorous kisses, are for the boudoir, for the sequestered nook, not for the edification of the multitude. In this, Mr. Kummer's play is chiefly at fault. Were the scene to be reduced to writing—forming the love passage of a novel—each reader would evolve a mental picture for himself and find in it tender satisfaction or sensual gratification, according to his temperament. This baring of sacred emotions at a theatrical clinic is repulsive and irritatingly inartistic. Anne Cleveland is the lachrymose wife, tearful and tiresome it must be confessed; Nellie Butler's Mrs. Harriet Varnum is a sprightly divorcee, thrice married, with no illusions. Save for her interjections,

Asterberg; Adele Farrington as Frau Ruder and Ida Lewis as Frau Dorfel. Each of these give excellent delineations. A feature of the production is a students' chorus by a local singing club, rendered in German.

"A Matinee Idol" at the Majestic

Not through any merit of a stupid vehicle entitled, "A Matinee Idol," and adapted from the French, do DeWolf Hopper and Louise Dresser entertain audiences at the Majestic Theater. It is simply through Miss Dresser's inimitable manner of singing—or rather talking popular songs, with a little quirk of her eyebrow, an inflection of her voice or a sphinklike smile, and through DeWolf Hopper's six-foot absurdities and his highly humorous curtain speech. Miss Dresser and Mr. Hopper are rivals for honor—with a slight favoring of Miss Dresser. The comedy itself is stupidity of an exceedingly dull sort, but it is lightened admirably by the work of an unusually pretty aggregation of chorus maidens—who in most instances are gowned rather than costumed. The hypnotic waltz is an entrancing pleasure when expressed by the lissome bodies and appealing grace of this chorus. An excellent foil for Mr. Hop-

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per is Georgie Mack, a diminutive comedian with an expansive smile. There is a pretty soubrette in the person of Sylvian Norris, who does her best to spoil the effect of her graceful dancing by singing with an affected "baby" squeak in her voice. Minor roles are not especially well done. All the chorus numbers are good, and it is worth while sitting through the entire show if only to hear Miss Dresser confide her adoration of "His Lovin' Ways," and to listen to that forty-mile-an-hour curtain speech of Mr. Hopper's.

"Message From Mars" at the Burbank As Horace Parker, in "A Message From Mars," this week's attraction at the Burbank, Byron Beasley has added

more laurels to his collection, for his interpretation of the exceedingly selfish hero is so well done as to win unstinted praise. As Joe Brooks in Eugene Walter's "Paid in Full," Beasley gave one of the best delineations in his local career, and in the leading character of this week's production, he closely approaches his previous high standard, although the role, of course, lacks the strength of the Walter drawing. The theme of "A Message From Mars" is the reformation of an ultra-selfish scientist of wealth by a man from Mars, who is sent to earth to show him the error of his ways. It is only when the scientist is stripped of his fortune, loses his fiancée and is reduced to hunger and cold that his salvation is

wrought. The play preaches a strong moral, but, unlike most productions of this character, it is pleasantly enlivened by a plenitude of humor and is scenically attractive with the aid of many mechanical effects. Howard Scott, as the man from Mars, has a part which allows only small latitude in its interpretation, but he artfully injects life into the recitative lines, which fall to his share. Marjorie Rambeau as Minnie Templer, the betrothed of Horace Brooks, is attractively efficient, and the Aunt Martha of Louise Royce is also capably depicted. One of the praiseworthy bits is David M. Hartford's tramp, which is excellently portrayed. Others in the large cast do admirable work, and the production on the whole reflects credit on the entire company.

"Earl and the Girl" at the Grand Ferris Hartman and his company this week are featuring "The Earl and the Girl," a musical comedy in which Eddie Foy is reported to have made a success. The attraction which is on the stereotyped order of musical com-

headed by George Beban & Company in "The Sign of the Rose," a playlet by C. T. Dazey, founded on the familiar poem which Ben Welch makes a feature of his act. The sketch is more ambitious than that usually accorded the vaudeville stage. The scene is a florist's shop—convincingly staged. To this shop comes a wealthy New Yorker and his wife, almost crazed by the loss of their small daughter, who has been kidnaped, supposedly by the Black Hand. Communications from the kidnapers have been marked by a rose, and the last letter promises the return of the baby, if a large sum of money is left in the shop. Of course, a man from headquarters, impersonating the manager, is on watch for the messenger who will come, bearing the sign of the rose which is to reveal him to the waiting parents. Comes a weary-faced Italian, with haunted eyes, and looks longingly at the great roses in the window. He creeps in timidly and attempts to buy a single rose from the detective. Of course, the crime is immediately fastened upon his shoulders. He tells his plaintive story of how he



MUSICAL CUTTYS, AT THE ORPHEUM, NEXT WEEK

edy, is enlivened, however, with the Hartman humoresques and a pleasing interpolation of songs and choruses. Ferris Hartman as Jim Cheese, an errant dog trainer, who is chosen to impersonate an earl, makes the best of the opportunities for injecting fun into the production, and he is ably assisted by Walter De Leon, who appears as Dick Wargrave. Joseph Fogarty, who has been off the boards for several weeks, is given a hearty welcome by his hosts and admirers. His delineation of Mr. Downham of New York is one of the best bits of the play. Special praise is deserved by Marta Golden, whose strong woman is one of the funmaking characters. Altogether, the production itself would be colorless but for the individual work of the principals, and even they are seriously taxed to instill spice and ginger into the show.

Excellent Bill at the Orpheum

Not in many a day has the Orpheum offered such an aggregation of acts of uniform excellence as it is giving its patrons this week. The newcomers are

wishes to buy the rose to put on his daughter's grave—his little bambini, who was killed only yesterday by a great automobile. But the detective will not believe the man's tale, and things are looking black for the poor Italian, when the kidnaped child is brought in, and the man exonerated. It is then discovered that the child's father is the man whose automobile killed the Italian baby. At first it would seem that the Italian would kill the slayer of his child—then his wrath leaves him, and he pathetically pleads that after this the automobile shall not go so fast through the streets, the playground of the poor. Then, with his arms full of roses, he goes to his dead. George Beban's picture of the heart-weary Italian is a masterly bit of drawing, pathetic to a degree. William Keough's work as Hatch, the detective, also is an excellent drawing. Another act of great entertainment is the Great Asahi, whose illusions are marvelous things that leave the audience with a half uncanny sensation that they have been witnessing black art. The famous Japanese balancing feats offered



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FERRIS HARTMAN and his superb Company **THE TOY-MAKER**
present Audran's joyous bit of fairy fooling.

The Home of Variety. Spring Street, near Fourth.

LOS ANGELES THEATER

Direction of Sullivan & Considine.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 19.

The Second Big Sullivan & Considine Road Show

The Internationally Famous Minstrel Man, **BILLY VAN**, "The Assassin of Sorrow."

THE 5 COLUMBIANS, in "The Ballet of the Roses" SEYMOUR & ROBINSON

Charles Wayne & Company present the lively and novel comedy sketch, "10 a. m., or the Morning After"

JOHN DILLON COX & FARLEY, Edward and Genevieve. THE LAUGH-O-SCOPE

"WHERE EVERYBODY GOES"—10c, 20c, 30c. Come early.

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BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 18, JOHN P. SLOCUM presents the new Viennese Comic opera

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BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 18.

The Beautiful Drama of Idyllic Love,

The Prince Chap

Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Spring St., between 2d & 3d Both Phones 1447

ORPHEUM THEATER

VAUDEVILLE

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Six Musical Cuttys

Instrumentalists Callahan & St. George

"The Old Neighborhood"

Studies in Porcelain

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Temple Quartette

Best Singing Four

Every night 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Matinee

Today

Orpheum Motion Pictures

George Beban & Co.

"The Sign of the Rose"

Jewell's Manikins

Toyland Vaudeville

Grant & Hoag

"Something Doing All the Time"

The Great Asahi

Magic, Mystery and Risley

Matinee at 2:15 daily, 10c, 25c, 50c

by two of Asahi's assistants are exceedingly well done. Jewell's manikins are the best that have been seen on the Orpheum stage, and Grant & Hoag, entertainers of the usual "team" sort, afford their listeners many chances for

hearty laughter. Holdovers are the Imperial Dancers, Mlle. Ober, Felice Morris and the Three White Kuhns.

Athletics and Music at the Los Angeles

Athletics and music form the gist of this week's bill at the Los Angeles Theater. Two unprogrammed acrobats, youthful, muscular chaps of unusual development, open the program with feats of strength that delight the audiences. Humorous acrobatics are offered by Scott & Wilson, whose horse-play conceals a number of difficult stunts, and whose "patter" contains much to tickle the risibles. Staley & Birbeck's transformation act is a marvel of dexterity in quick changes. The scene opens in a blacksmith shop, with the musicians extracting sweet strains from wheels, anvils, bellows and carts, then suddenly changes to a drawing room with the performers in evening dress. After a program of instrumental music, the scene again changes to the forge. The Hawaiian tenor, Edwin Prince, should be headlined if popularity is a criterion. He has a strong, sweet voice, and he shows his discretion by singing songs which will appeal to popular fancy. Michael Galgano, Italian harpist, who accompanies Mr. Prince, is a performer of merit. The last and least of the music attractions is "The Butterfly and the Prince," in which the unconscious humor of May Orletta and Fred Taylor is a treat. Were they burlesquing a musical act their turn would be excellent—as it is, it is absurd. Another of those impossible rural sketches which make no appeal either to the heart or the intellect is "The Town Fiddler." Good work is done by Joseph Ketter as the country fiddler, but his support should take another course in a dramatic school. The Laugh-o-scope pictures are well named.

Offerings for Next Week

For its pre-holiday week offering, the Belasco company will present Hoyt's farce comedy, "A Stranger in New York." Lewis S. Stone will have the role of the stranger, who, by innocently picking up a letter of introduction in the corridor of a hotel, entangles himself in many complications. During the action of the play a number of popular songs will be introduced, notably, "The Dublin Rag," by Charles Giblyn; "All Right," by Mr. Stone, "What's the Use," by Mr. Bacon; "Every Little Movement," by Miss Farrington; "I'm On My Way to Reno," by Mr. Camp; a series of parodies by Mr. Kennedy, and two selections by Miss Bessie Tannehill. Richard Vivian will have his former role of Wright Innitt, while Lloyd Bacon will play Carroll Sweet. Baron Sands will find a capable interpreter in Frank Camp and Mr. Kennedy will have the role of Cumming Swift. A score of auxiliary players have been engaged. Following the production of "A Stranger in New York," the Belasco company will make the first production on any stage of a new play that will be used for stellar purposes next season by Lillian Russell. While the perennially beautiful Miss Russell is appearing at another local play house, the Belasco people will have the unique distinction of giving the play intended for her next season's offering.

"The Kissing Girl" will open a week's engagement at the Majestic, Sunday night, fresh from a run of 250 consecutive performances in Chicago. The cast is said to be a strong one, and numbers in principals and chorus seventy people, and carries its own orchestra, under the direction of Whitney Bennington. The scenes of the opera are laid in Bohemia, which gives fine scope for quaint costumes. The original cast will appear here, and contains Texas Guinan, in the leading role, Dick Temple, Harry Hermson, Louis London, "Venita," Ida Fitzhugh and Mlle. Vanity. There are twenty song numbers, among them the favorite, "Good Old German Beer."

One of the prettiest little comedies ever written is "The Prince Chap," which will be given at the Burbank Theater for the week beginning with the matinee Sunday. This play met with such success when staged by the Burbank company a little more than a year ago that it has been revived for the Christmas season, to which it is admirably suited. The play is a dramatization by Edward Peple of the novel of the same name. William Peyton, the hero, is an American sculptor who has a studio in London. Through the

death of a poor woman who appeals to his sympathies, Peyton is left with the woman's child, a little girl of few years, on his hands. The difficulties encountered by the young bachelor in taking care of the child provide a series of amusing incidents. In the next act the girl appears again, five years older, and in the last act, she is grown to womanhood, and Peyton discovers that his paternal feeling has changed to a different love. And, of course, it all ends happily. Byron Beasley will play the part of the sculptor. In the first act little Ollie Walters will impersonate the child. In the second, Hazel Buckham will enact the girl, and Marjorie Rambeau will portray the woman in the third act.

That much-talked-of comedy, "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," comes to the Auditorium next week, beginning Monday night. This is the first season that this successful piece has been seen outside of the great cities of the east. It exploits the night life of Paris—not the Paris of the tourist, but of the boulevardier. The plot deals with intrigue, and its chief characters are the King of Orcania, the little Princess Marotz, Bonniard, a plotter, and the ex-King Sergious. It is presented in two acts and seven scenes, in which

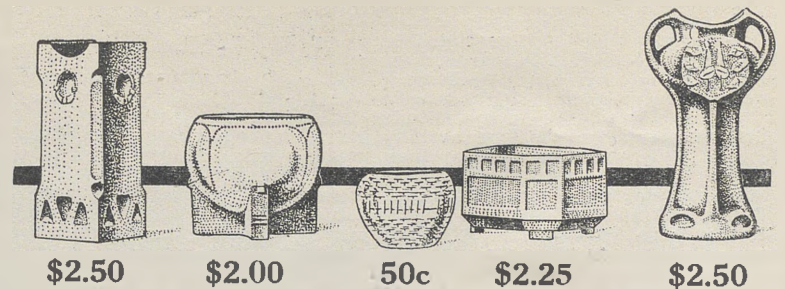


VICTOR FOSTER, AT AUDITORIUM

many famous places of amusement in Paris are shown, including "The House of the Green Shutters," "Street in Montmartre," "Academie Savourette" and "Cabaret du Sourie." Among the twenty-three song numbers are "Shy Little Violet Blue," "Love is King," "Painting Paree" and "In Orcania." The cast, including Harry Short and Snitz Edwards, remains practically intact since the original production.

Reviving Audran's happy and fairy-like musical comedy, "The Toymaker," Ferris Hartman and his capital company will fitly represent the true Christmas spirit next week in "a delightful little journey to the land of make-believe" at the Grand. With pleasant recollections of the excellent work of Mr. Hartman and his associates last year in this merry little play, there should be capacity houses every night to enjoy the tuneful music and clean-cut fun of this attractive comedy. Ferris Hartman will be the old toymaker and "Muggins" Davies again will appear as the wonderful doll, with whom the young nobleman, Frederic, impersonated by Walter De Leon, falls in love. As on the occasion of the last season's production of "The Toymaker," free toys will be given to all of the children attending the Tuesday and Saturday matinee performances.

Beginning Monday matinee, December 19, the Six Musical Cuttys will head the new Orpheum bill. This sextet of real brothers and sisters has just returned from a tour of Europe, bringing an extensive library of the newest European musical successes. The "cello solos of Miss Cutty are a feature of



TIPS FOR THE GIFT-SEEKER

The seeker of gifts will have an easy task at Parmelee-Dohrmann's store, especially if a beautiful Vase or other piece of fine pottery is desired.

New wares and new shapes and designs are shown at Parmelee-Dohrmann's this year—exquisite Patina pottery, the new graceful Italian ware, and the ever popular Syderol, some of which is illustrated above. Prices surprisingly low, articles at from 50c to \$5.

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the act. The red-whiskered "Paddy" type of stage Irishman has long been an offense to every descendant of Erin—and it is this type that James Callahan has studiously avoided. With Jenny St. George he gives a sketch, "The Old Neighborhood," which contains song, story and "patter." D. J. Andress, in his "Studies in Porcelain" gets away from the usual posing and living-picture act. His turn has been imported direct from the Apollo Theater, Berlin. The Temple Quartet, a singing four from New York, will be a welcome number, as good men singers are always desirable. Holdovers are George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose," Mme. Jewell and her manikins, Grant & Hoag, and the Great Asahi.

Opening at the Los Angeles Theater with a Monday matinee headed by the famous minstrel, Billy Van, the second of several big Sullivan & Considine

Hotel Virginia

LONG BEACH, CAL.

New Automobile Boulevard completed making one of the best roads in California.

Hotel Virginia offers every requirement of the autoist.

CARL STANLEY,
Manager.

road shows to follow will be seen here next week. Billy Van is one of the most famous of the old-time "burnt cork" comedians, and his "black face" monologue is sure to be provocative of endless laughter. The Five Columbians, Caro Miller and his talented family in their spectacular "Ballet of the Roses," are big drawing cards, offering lots of fun and frolic. Charles Wayne and his company have a novel comedy sketch bearing the suggestive title, "10 A.M., or the Morning After." Devoid of vulgarity, it arouses gales of laughter. Clever and original John Dillon, with a fund of good songs; Seymour & Robinson, comedy acrobats; Cox & Farley, in songs and dances, complete the diversified bill.

Notes From Bookland

(Continued from Page Seven)

what a host of recollections the re-reading of these old favorites invoke. To have them all together in this one volume is a boon, and the book should command a wide sale from among Mr. Kipling's innumerable admirers in this country. ("Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling." Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Girl I Loved"

As regularly as Tom Hood's "Annual" was wont to arrive at the holiday season is the appearance of a new book of poetry by James Whitcomb Riley. "The Girl I Loved" is the title of his 1910 offering, which the Bobbs-Merrill Co. publish and Howard Christy has embellished it with a number of full-page drawings, while Margaret Armstrong has added to the attractiveness of the work by her marginal decorations. Unlike several of those preceding, this is not a collection of poems but a single story in verse of a bachelor farmer, who tells why he is single at fifty-four, but will be so no longer. It has that same human quality so characteristic of Whitcomb Riley's verse, and appeals of course to the heart rather than to the head. But it is wholesome and lovable and with the Riley quaintness of expression throughout. ("The Girl I Loved." By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Round the World in Seven Days"

Herbert Strang's "Round the World in Seven Days" is no more unpalatable now than was Jules Verne's story when it was penned. It is right down to date, in fact, a few minutes ahead. It is the story of an aeroplane flight around the world, with only about fifteen stops. Lieutenant Smith of the British navy aeroplane service, while planning around England on leave of absence, hears that a ship has been wrecked on one of the Solomon Islands, on board of which are his father, who is a prominent naturalist, and his brother. He plans, with his faithful French chauffeur, to fly to their relief. Its only a matter of 13,000 miles, and his vacation will be up in another week, but he cables ahead for supplies of petrol and lubricating oil, and starts immediately. Their first stop is at Constantinople, then Kasachi, India, Penang and Port Darwin, successively. The author gives local color to each stopping place by describing scenes, people and customs. In Australia he takes on rifles and ammunition. As though there were not enough excitement in flying 175 to 200 miles an hour, more spice is added by such incidents as discovering a rebellion on the Persian gulf; descending on a burning ship and literally flying with the captain's daughter to the nearest port, 300 miles away, for aid; brushes with the savages in various places, encounter with Malay pirates, and arriving at the island a day ahead of the gunboat, which had been dispatched from Brisbane, and finding the ship's crew tied to trees, preparatory to being cut up into chops and steaks. After seeing them all safe on board the gunboat, he continues his flight by way of Samoa, Hawaii, San Francisco, St. Paul, Toronto, St. Johns, then home, and rejoins his ship ten minutes ahead of time. Making 3,000 miles at a clip, without stopping, is nothing extraordinary for this wonder. It may be done a few decades hence, who knows? The illustrations in color are by A. C. Michael. ("Round the World in Seven Days." By Herbert Strang. George H. Doran Co.)

"Christmas Day in the Evening"

Dainty and Christmasy indeed is a pretty little booklet full of the spirit of "peace on earth, good will to men," entitled "On Christmas Day in the Evening," by Grace Richmond. The text is framed in cheery wreaths of holiday green and further adorned with dashes of warm color in the many attractive illustrations with which the story of how a church feud is ended by a diplomatically planned Christmas entertainment at the long-closed church home of the warring congregation at Estabrooke is punctuated. ("On Christmas Day in the Evening." By Grace Richmond. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Magazines for December

In McClure's for December is begun a new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward,

entitled "The Case of Richard Meynell." The story is similar in theme to Mrs. Ward's earlier success, "Robert Elsmere," and the subject in new guise and more modern setting doubtless will find as enthusiastic and general a public as did the book of twenty years ago. Under the general head of "The Masters of Capital in America," John Moody and George Kibbe Turner write of the multimillionaires of the Great Northern System. Goodwin Smith's reminiscences this month are "Recollections of Great Englishmen." "The Trial and Death of Ferrer," by William Archer, and "Paul Ehrlich: The Man and His Work," by Marguerite Ward, are interesting articles in the serious vein. Short story contributions include, "The Dub," by Oscar Graeve; "Miss Cal," by Elizabeth Robins, and "The Merry Christmas of Giovanna," by Amanda Mathews.

"There Was Once a Queen," a compelling romance of today by Edith Robinson, is the complete novelette in the December Lippincott's. The plot is novel and entertaining and the denouement unguessable. Numerous readable short stories are featured, including "The Willow Garland," by Olivia Howard Dunbar; "The Mother," by Caroline Wood Morrison; "Mrs. Randolph's Nerve," by John Reed Scott; "Aides-de-camp to Cupid," by Ella Middleton Tybout; "Laurie of the Plainsman," by Hulbert Footner; "The Tree of His People," by Nevil G. Henshaw; "The Decline of the Collar," a sketch by Frederic Drew Bond, and "The Giv'nest Lady," by Eleanor Mercein Kelly.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

was hostess Monday at an informal luncheon given for several other of the season's buds. Places were set for Misses Amy Marie Norton, Kathleen Spence, Florence Wood, Mildred Burnett, Evangeline Duque, Juliet Borden, Elizabeth Wood, Marjorie Utley, Jane Rollins, Rae Belle Morlan and Clarisse Stevens.

In compliment to Miss Sally McFarland, one of the attractive debutantes, Mrs. W. S. Hook, Jr., of 2673 Menlo avenue, gave an informal luncheon at her home Thursday afternoon. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. J. A. Moore of Carondelet street gave a bridge whist luncheon at her home Tuesday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. E. I. Grumley of Washington, D. C., who is passing the winter in Los Angeles. Poinsettias and red carnations, combined with ferns, were used in decorating and carried out the Christmas idea.

Miss Ruth Kays of 987 Westmoreland avenue will entertain with a tea party at her home, Tuesday afternoon, December 20.

Mrs. Eugene Elsworth Smith and Miss Waddilove will entertain with a musical at the California Club, Tuesday afternoon, December 20.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dunn of West Twenty-eighth street are planning a trip abroad, leaving Los Angeles about the middle of January.

Miss Alice Gline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cline of South Figueroa, and one of the popular members of the younger set, will be hostess at a luncheon Wednesday afternoon, December 21.

Hotel Virginia will give its first ball of the season this evening at the hotel and a large attendance of fashionable folk is expected.

Judge R. L. Johns of San Francisco, with his sister, Mrs. C. F. Nichols of Springfield, Mass., is staying at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chamberlin were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tomlin at luncheon Thursday at the Hotel Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin are going down to the hotel for the season later in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Murphy, A. Stanwood Murphy and Miss Hazel Ricks motored down from Pasadena and had luncheon at the Virginia, Long Beach, Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cowan of this city entertained Mr. and Mrs. Jean G. Drake at luncheon at the Virginia, Long Beach, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Lewis Ely have come up from Venice, where they have

The Price of the Prairie
By Margaret Hill McCarter

MRS. McCARTER

has written an epic tale of the beginnings of Kansas. It will not only be read eagerly for its thrilling action and glowing color, but will be re-read, and will endure for the truth and depth of its insight into the inner life of the Western pioneer, and for its masterly portrayal of the influence of the prairie. There is a love story of simple and charming sincerity, and the reader's pulse will quicken at the splendidly heroic climaxes.



Pictures by J. N. Marchand

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been making their home for the last three years, and are occupying their attractive new home at 615 St. Andrews place, where they will receive their friends.

Mrs. M. A. Postwick of 422 West Adams street has returned home from an extended European tour and eastern trip. While abroad, she traveled with a party of friends, and their itinerary included a motoring tour of the continent, as well as visits to other scenic and historic parts of the old world.

Mr. A. H. Busch and Mr. J. W. A. Off will leave today for Washington, D. C., where they will pass the holidays with their families, who are visiting there.

Mrs. L. N. Brunswick of West Adams street has issued invitations for a tea to be given at her home January 1, in honor of Miss Bernard, who is her house guest.

Miss May Rhodes of Park View avenue will be hostess this afternoon at a theater party given in compliment to Miss Ruth Larned.

Miss Charline Coulter of 607 South Alvarado street will entertain with a luncheon at the California Club, Monday, December 19.

Miss Mathilde Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bartlett of Fenton Knoll, West Adams street, who recently returned from a European trip, will be the guest of honor at a dinner and dancing party which several of the young bachelors will give this evening at the Annandale Country Club.

Mrs. S. B. Hahn and Mrs. Frederick T. Griffith of Severance street entertained Wednesday with a prettily appointed tea. The decorations were in yellow chrysanthemums and ferns.

At the Mt. Washington Hotel

Miss Botsford entertained a luncheon party of fourteen at Hotel Mt. Washington, Wednesday.

Mrs. Warren Barnhart of Pasadena entertained at luncheon, Mrs. Estabrooke of Pasadena, Mrs. Whilleo of Chicago, and Mrs. Sanbourn of Sioux City, Iowa, this week.

Hotel
Alexandria

Afternoon Tea, from four until six o'clock (50 cents), in the Grand Salon, is one of the Attractive Features of Social Life in Los Angeles.

Mission Indian Grill is a delightful and unique resort for after-theater parties.

Fine Orchestra Music

Guests of the Mt. Washington are greatly enjoying the croquet grounds, which were completed recently.

Mr. J. L. Bickford has returned to the hotel after an absence of several days.

Miss Grace L. Payton of Redlands was the guest of Miss Martha Johnston this week.

Mr. J. A. Starr entertained Mrs. Estabrooke and her two daughters and Mrs. Willa Smith at luncheon Wednesday.

Stocks & Bonds

Mexican Common, Union and Associated have been the leaders this week in a market that looks as if it is to move upward with a decided swing from now on in Los Angeles Stock Exchange circles. Conditions never were sounder at the bottom, and unless all signs fail, traders are in for a pronounced bull season, as soon as the present holiday conditions are over.

Both of the Mexicans appear to be rapidly regaining their former price vigor, with the common having sold close to 38 this week, and with the preferred being held at about 70. The so-called revolution across the Rio Grande was a three weeks' scare that seems to have expended most of its energy.

In the Union list the best known of those issues is firmer than it has been in a long time; while the Stewart leader is still not much above par, this stock, as well as its two auxiliaries, should be acquired at present levels. Exchange Alley hears that the Union annual statement, to appear early in the new year, will reveal a record-breaker for prosperity.

Of course, the annual holiday story of a prospective Associated dividend to be paid in February, again is to the fore. It may be set down as a fact, however, that the report has less foundation at this time than ever before. What is putting up Associated, is its actual value, which gets better with each recurring month. If the company really has found refining petroleum in Lost Hills, where it has conditionally acquired about thirty thousand acres of land, then the stock is worth more than double the market price. One of these days it will probably secure on the New York Stock Exchange the same recognition now conceded to the Great Northern Ore certificates, which were regarded as a trading joke when they were first listed a few years ago.

Central Oil continues firm at the highest of recent levels, with the market almost combed of stock. A protecting pool, convinced that the shares are worth much more than present quotations, is apparently willing and anxious to take on all offerings at present prices in any amount.

In the lesser oils California Midway has been playing a rigged-up game of up and down each way, about eight points, overnight, this week, and the speculators who were fortunate enough to get in at the low and out at the high, have been making good Christmas money. The company's recently uncovered second well is not a commercial success, according to those informed on the subject. Consolidated Midway is steady at the lowest levels of the year, and Jade has been performing queerly this week, without explanation.

L. A. Home Preferred has gained the best part of four points since the last report, on whisperings of a story of important amalgamation with other systems in Southern as well as Northern California at an early day. The bond list also shows healthy signs of recovering from its long sleep of more than two years.

In the bank shares, there is little doing, although underlying conditions are sound in this class of securities.

Mining stocks are deader than ever, with no signs of renewed activity in bond trading.

Money conditions are easy, with better things promised soon after the release of dividend payments in the succeeding three weeks.

Banks and Banking

Bankers everywhere are greatly interested in the returns filed by the national banks in answer to the comptroller's call of November 10. While these were not startling, the fact that the banks did not report another loan expansion showed the movement to extend banking accommodations had been checked temporarily at least. That the banks were able to show a

moderate reduction in loans in the ten weeks' interval between September 1 and November 10, and that the cash loss in this period was not so heavy as in the same weeks of last year, was reassuring. Chief interest was manifested, however, in the \$300,000,000 loan expansion for the year and the cash gain the banks showed for the twelve-month period. The net showing was taken to mean that the banks of the country were gradually strengthening their position and that there would be a moderate recovery from now on from the excesses which were so thoroughly exposed by the startling changes reported in the previous returns of this year. There was still a fair demand for money, and in spite of the fact that quoted rates were relatively easy, the feeling was general that a broader inquiry would shortly develop as a result of the end-of-the-year settlements.

Recalling the Walsh financial crash is the recent action of the Chicago clearing house committee in passing a resolution authorizing the payment of a dividend of ten per cent on series C of the participation certificates in the so-called Walsh loan. The original loan was about \$16,000,000, and through gradual liquidation of the assets in hand, this now has been reduced to about \$8,000,000. Certain coal and railroad securities which secure the remainder of the loan are held by the banks and those who participated in the original loan are hopeful of realizing the amounts advanced nearly five years ago. Acting under the authority of the clearing house committee, the First Trust and Savings Bank, trustee, will distribute checks to all the banks that participated in the loan at the time of the closing of the three Walsh institutions. Incidentally, a petition, having many signatures important in the financial world, has been filed with the President, asking for the pardon of John R. Walsh, now serving a term in Leavenworth prison. It is believed the former banker will be released this Christmastide.

An important conference was held in Chicago last Monday by the representatives of the transit managers of the banks of Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Denver, St. Louis and New Orleans and representatives of Texas cities. The subject discussed at the clearing house meeting, at which General Secretary Fred E. Farnsworth of the American Bankers Association, presided, was a reform in the handling of out-of-town checks and items. What is sought is the adoption of a uniform and universal system of numbers for banks to facilitate the handling of business. This is a subject which has been several times under discussion in the clearing house section of the American Bankers Association, but the matter has now reached a stage where it is believed definite steps will be taken. It is probable that after the system of uniform numbering has been decided upon the results will be embodied in a book to be published by the American Bankers Association.

According to advices from Guthrie, Oklahoma's bank deposits are well over the \$100,000,000 mark. The increase between September 1 and November 10 was \$17,000,000, estimated, and since November 10 the increase has continued. The joint deposits of state and national banks September 1, 1910, were \$84,000,000, and at the present time are estimated at \$106,000,000. These estimates are based on the report issued by Bank Commissioner E. B. Cockrill, showing the total deposits of the state guaranty banks to be \$54,814,335 November 10, against \$45,092,999 September 1, an increase of \$9,721,000. The national bank deposits September 1 were, in round numbers, \$40,000,000, and were near \$50,000,000 November 10. Oklahoma's extraordinary

cotton crop, 80,000 bales, is held responsible for the increase in bank deposits this fall.

Rumors are current that efforts are being made by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League to dislodge Alden Anderson from his office as superintendent of banks, to which he was reappointed a few days ago by Governor Gillett. The plan of the opposing faction is to have the legislature amend the banking act by changing the designation of Anderson's office from superintendent to state supervisor of banks, and to make the act immediately effective. By abolishing the former position, it will allow the selection of a new appointee for the newly created office.

Judge Cabaniss has ordered the liquidation of the realty of the Japanese-American Bank of Los Angeles, and proper authority has been given to State Superintendent of Banks Alden Anderson. The bank failed a year ago and caused the collapse of several other Japanese banks in the state. Much difficulty has been met with in straightening out the bank's affairs as the records are all in Japanese.

Oroville will get the first postal savings bank in California. It will be ready to receive deposits about January 1, and will be the only postal savings bank in the state until July 1, when, with the beginning of a new fiscal year, it is expected that the department will have more funds available.

At a meeting of the directors of the First National Bank of San Jacinto, recommendations were adopted to increase the capital stock of the institution from \$50,000 to \$100,000 and to declare a special dividend out of the present surplus and undivided profits of \$25,000 for the establishment of a savings bank.

Stockholders' meetings have been called by the First National Bank of Los Angeles, the Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles and the United States National Bank for January 10, when directors for the ensuing year will be elected.

Plans are being made for the establishment of a First National Bank at Hynes. The directors of the institution will include D. L. Coke, Charles Jennings, H. S. Harrington and C. S. Thompson. They will erect their own bank building.

It is estimated by local bankers that the total of bank clearings for the year will aggregate \$811,919,169.48 as compared with \$673,165,728.81 for last year. For the current year to date the clearings are \$773,481,010.45.

With George Hart as president, the First National Bank of Terra Bella was opened the first of the week. Marco H. Hellman, also of this city, is vice-president of the institution.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens National Bank of Redlands, it was recommended that the capital stock of the institution be increased from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

Last Saturday's report of New York associated banks showed a decided contraction in loans, which places them on a slightly better basis than the week previous.

Fire Losses for November

Losses by fire in the United States and Canada for November, as compiled by the Journal of Commerce, reached a total of \$16,407,000.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Los Angeles is contemplating another school bond election to vote funds in the amount of \$1,395,000 for the construction of four intermediate schools at an estimated cost of \$250,000 each; a combination school and elementary school for San Pedro to cost \$75,000; the completion of the manual arts high school at a cost of \$125,000, and a number of sites and elementary buildings throughout the city. The proposition has been placed before the board of education, as has also an alternative proposition which reduces the proposed issue to \$1,500,000 by cutting out the three intermediate schools and substituting another high school, together with other changes.

There were slight signs of investment buying in the New York bond market last week. The main inquiry still seems to be for short-term obligations, although a little better business has been done in the usual fifty-year bonds. In a week or two the New

York city authorities will announce their \$50,000,000 loan, which will undoubtedly come out soon after the new year opens. This offer may have the same influence on the bond market that was exerted in February, 1908, when a \$50,000,000 issue of New York 4½ per cent bonds marked the turning point in the investment situation there. The railroads have important financing to do before long, and large bond issues probably will be announced early in 1911. There is still a fairly good-sized foreign inquiry for American bonds, but the demand continues to be chiefly for securities having only a year to run.

American Snuff is quoted as an example of a meteoric stock. Its directors last week declared an extra dividend of 3 per cent in addition to the now regular quarterly disbursements of 5 per cent. Altogether, stockholders receive 25 per cent dividends this year—a miniature Standard Oil. The shares are worth in the neighborhood of \$285 each. Ten years ago they sold at \$26; the appreciation has, therefore, been 1,000 per cent—a phenomenal record. The stock is rather closely held, there being only 164 owners of the \$11,000,000 outstanding.

Trust companies of the United States guard a treasure, according to estimates made by the annual publication of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company of New York, of \$30,000,000,000. Of this amount \$5,000,000,000 represents their own banking resources and \$25,000,000,000 represents wealth which they protect as trustees and administrators.

James Milbank of New York is quoted in St. Paul as saying that the railroads, which offer practically the only attractive field of investment, are so hampered by restrictive legislation that the money which, under normal conditions, would go to the purchase of their stocks and bonds is withheld, and that the slogan of Wall street is: "Furl sails and wait."

February 1 is named as the probable date for the special election to be held in San Bernardino county to vote funds for the construction of a new county hospital and other county buildings on a site which the supervisors contemplate buying on East Sixth street. The bonds will cover the purchase of the ground.

Members of the city council of Ontario have awarded the contract to the First National Bank of Ontario for \$95,000 worth of the \$175,000 water bond issue. The bid of the bank carries a premium of \$2,000.

Plans are being made by Sawtelle citizens preparatory to calling a bond election to vote \$75,000 for the establishment of a system of storm and sanitary sewers.

Sierra Madre citizens at a special election this week voted bonds in the sum of \$40,000 for increasing the water supply and to establish a system of fire protection.

San Diego's bond issue of \$200,000, for the construction of a polytechnic high school, was carried at the polls by a large majority.

Anaheim's proposed bond issue of \$40,000 for a grammar school, was defeated at the recent special election.

Fullerton is agitating a bond issue of \$10,000 for the building of concrete bridges.

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